



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH AND JAMES K. HACKETT AS THE THANE
In Mr. Hackett's production of "Macbeth" in London.

(See page 214)

THE RISE OF THE PRESS AGENT

A Frankenstein monster who today wields enormous power in the making of theatrical reputations

By JAMES L. FORD



SOMETIMES when I behold the publicity director, established in offices that might serve the Sugar Trust and wielding an influence on press and public of which but few laymen are aware, I recall the early days of that great industry and its cradle in the theatrical business.

The first of all great press agents was P. T. Barnum who possessed a skill in arousing public interest that has not been surpassed since his old Ann street museum was destroyed. Press agency did not arise from the ashes of that catastrophe until the late seventies when Dr. Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather and manager, accepted the proposition of a young newspaper writer to furnish him with a weekly supply of paragraphs exploiting his star and designed only to facilitate the work of the dramatic critics. The dawn of the ninth decade saw a small group of writers engaged in similar work, not as a sole means of livelihood but as a precarious method of adding to it. I was of that little company and not one of us realized that we were creating a Frankenstein monster destined in later years to exert a greater influence over public opinion than any other power that has since appeared in the field.

Looking back to those days I cannot recall any example of really clever work on the part of any of the men who called themselves "press agents," and who were the forerunners of the more imposing "publicity directors" of the present day. Such schemes as diamond robberies and dangerous surgical operations were invented by the actresses themselves and by them very successfully worked until the public ceased to believe in them. The phrase with which we characterized our labors was "handling the press" and the quality called bluff, not yet obsolete, was often employed to convince managers of our ability in this direction.

THE Friars' Club, formed by press agents and now occupying a costly building of its own, was then undreamed of. We had no organization but worked like guerillas in that fight to get the names of our clients into the columns of the newspapers that has been going on ever since. And the present mode of warfare, as compared with our simple methods, bears the same relation that the German asphyxiating gas does to the bow and arrows of the Indians. The typewriter had not then come into general use and all our notices were hand-written. Nor had the daily illustrated paper appeared on the horizon to furnish us with photography as a handmaiden. The best that we could do was to get as many small paragraphs into the newspapers as possible and in this work industry and ingenuity joined hands. Our "handling of the press" was largely a bluff and did not go much further than influencing the critics of

obscure and often worthless weeklies. But a notice was a notice in those days, no matter where it appeared, and a long notice with an appropriate caption printed in a paper that was absolutely without influence and containing phrases of high commendation, loomed larger in the minds of some managers and more stars than a brief perfunctory paragraph in the Sunday column of "Dramatic Jottings" in a powerful daily.

THE business of theatricals had not then been "commercialized" as it is termed, and was conducted on a basis of jovial back-slapping and treating. The affairs of the theatre were, for the most part, conducted on the sidewalks of Union Square and in the adjacent saloons and cafés. To this market-place, out-of-town managers came during the summer and there actors were engaged, printing contracted for and nation-wide routes arranged. These activities made the Square and its immediate neighborhood, places of assembly for players, managers and men with whom they dealt, and among these were to be found a few press agents ready to seize upon possible clients—I should call them victims now—by a propitiatory hand-shaking. In convincing evidence of our "press handling" power we always alluded to the different critics by their first names, saying "Charlie never refuses me anything;" "Billy and I work like two brothers," and this bluff we tried to make good on first nights when we stood in the lobby and smiled with an air of genial confidence on each critic as he passed the gate. Our clients, too, not infrequently got even with us when awakened by sharply hostile criticism to the emptiness of our pretensions by welching on us on the ground of our incompetency, and in such cases we had no redress though a few of the bolder of us threatened future vengeance through the same critical pens.

On Fridays or Saturdays we made the rounds of the newspaper offices, distributing our paragraphs with a few words of hearty cheer and inviting the critics of the smaller papers, and of one or two of the larger ones, to go out for a drink. Sometimes we turned in, together with the paragraphs in praise of our star, a few kindly words about ourselves, such as:

WILLIAM Freelance, affectionately known to a host of Park Row scribes as "Jovial Billy," recently severed his connection with the "He Never Split the Wood" combination, and was promptly snapped up by the astute director of Miss Folly Topnote, the star of "He Carried in the Ice" company, a fact that goes far to explain the frequent appearance of Miss Topnote's name in the leading newspapers of the country."

As I recall those early days, it seems to

me that publicity was not the exclusive perquisite of the powerful, but was shared by the humblest members of the profession just as our Socialistic friends declare that wealth will be distributed when we reach the ideal state of civilization. Not only press agents but doorkeepers, business managers, treasurers and sometimes even bill posters found seats at the banquet board of notoriety. Apropos of this, I remember the reception of a ticket seller generously exploited by Barnum at the hands of the saturnine John Duff, Augustin Daly's father-in-law and manager.

Mr. Duff is still remembered by a few old-timers because of his lifelong efforts to defeat the best laid schemes of deadheads. Every night he stood beside the gate-keeper of Daly's Theatre and when the latter received a free pass, even one bearing Mr. Duff's name, he dropped it like a hot coal, and then with trembling fingers picked it up and handed it to the manager. To the latter there came one evening a breezy stranger asking for two seats.

"Who the —— are you?" inquired Mr. Duff in hospitable tones.

"I'm Ben Lusbie, the lightning ticket-seller," was the reply.

"Then go out to the box office and see how —— quick you can buy one," retorted the other.

Chief among the enjoyable occasions of my youthful days, the first night of a new attraction still retains its pristine interest and delight. I have seen many notable ones since then and their possibilities in the way of revelation of new talent have a perennial charm for me. I attend one to the present day in the hopeful belief that I am to witness the début of an actor or dramatist destined for future renown and in many cases I have marked the event in red letters in the calendar of my memory.

THE first nights that punctuated the years of which I am now writing had a special interest when I assisted at them in a "press handling" capacity. On such occasions the press agent was expected to welcome the critic hospitably, lead him to the manager's office where drinks were always served, and in some cases, an appetizing repast, as well. It was also his duty to utter words of cheer while lifting his glass to the guests and perhaps throw in a few words about the personal virtues of the star, her love of domesticity, her early years of struggle, her care for her aged parents and her unsullied reputation. We were not expected to laugh during such a recital. Another anecdote, also culled from memory's page, will convey an idea of the manner in which our double task of impressing the critic as well as the manager was performed.

"How would you (Continued on page 212)



MRS. FISKE IN HER NEW PLAY,
"WAKE UP, JONATHAN"

Comedy which Hatcher Hughes, lecturer on the drama at Columbia University, wrote in collaboration with Elmer Rice, author of the sensationally successful "On Trial." In it Mrs. Fiske plays the wife of an American multi-millionaire, whose sense of humor is in constant conflict with her husband's materialism.

SCENE IN ACT II OF BARRIE'S PLAY,
"MARY ROSE," AT THE EMPIRE

While picnicking on the island which "likes to be visited," Mary Rose alone hears the strange irresistible summons that bids her leave her companions. She obeys the call, and is given up as dead. When she returns home, after the lapse of many years, she finds all her loved ones grown old, although she, herself, has not changed.

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(From left to right) Tom Nesbitt (the husband), Ruth Chatterton (Mary Rose), Guy Buckley (the islander).

COMEDY AND PATHOS IN NEW PLAYS

THEATRE "PLANTS"

The suave prestidigitator and some of his little tricks

By GEORGE C. JENKS



WITH the suave persuasiveness of his kind, the magician came half-way down the carpeted steps from the stage and addressed the dignified middle-aged gentleman in an aisle seat three rows back: "I beg your pardon, sir," he said sonorously. "My next offering is a scientific demonstration, of peculiar intellectual interest. Would you oblige me by standing up for a moment?"

The dignified gentleman was playing hookey from the Metropolitan, where mamma and the girls were solemnly inhaling grand opera. That sort of thing palled on him sometimes, so he had pleaded a headache as an excuse for staying at home, and when they had departed, slipped in here to enjoy himself. He inwardly pronounced it a good show; he always had liked vaudeville. But it was not a taste he cared to advertise, for he was president of a down-town bank, and he owed something to his position in the financial world.

So his first impulse was to refuse. Why should he make an exhibition of himself by standing up? But when the request was repeated with imploring courtesy he felt that it would be boorish not to comply, and he rose to his feet majestically.

"THANK you, sir," smiled the magician. "Now will you kindly take my hand?"

To do this it was necessary for the bank president to move into the aisle and walk a few steps forward. The magician seized his hand warmly, at the same instant backing up the steps a little.

"I appreciate your kindness, I assure you," he went on, with demoniacal politeness. "I should like the audience to see you clearly, so that they will know there is no deception on my part. Would you mind standing on the bottom step?"

By this time the will-power and perspicacity for which the bank president was noted in the purlieus of Wall Street had largely evaporated, and up he went to the first step, while the magician backed up two more.

"Thank you, sir!" the bank president heard vaguely. "Better come to the next step. That's better. Thank you. You're very kind."

Talking rapidly, and keeping a tight hold of his victim's hand, that villainous magician drew the gentleman up step by step, till, before he knew how it had happened, this influential prince of finance—who, in his private room at the bank, was approached, figuratively, on bended knee, by the few favored ones to whom he would grant audience—found himself on the stage of this low-priced theatre, with the footlights in his eyes and ribald laughter aimed at him from all parts of the great dark pit beyond.

It has always been a question whether it is well to make members of the audience part of the entertainment. While there are

some persons, generally boys and very young men, who are willing to go on the stage and be fooled by the shiny-haired, glib-tongued "professor," it is not customary to depend on them, and most magicians use "plants." The plants may be members of the house staff, such as ushers, stage-hands or bill-posters, but very often the performer carries his own plants with him. These professional "plants" are regularly rehearsed, and usually they develop into rough comedians whose antics help the success of the performance, because a welcome relief to the, often deadly seriousness of the principal entertainer.

IT has been found that the average auditor objects to be hauled into the spotlight, although something depends on the standing of the "artist" who invites him to the stage. One sometimes does not mind acting as a "plant" for a distinguished prestidigitator. I once saw the late "Hermann the Great" dig up a live rabbit rather roughly from inside the waistcoat of Alf Hayman, the well-known theatre owner and manager. But that was long ago, when Mr. Hayman, with George C. Tyler, Marc Klaw and other prominent producers of today, were just common or garden advance agents of road managers. Incidentally, in that same week, Hermann went to the City Hall and drew the mayor extemporaneously into his act by tapping a shower of ten dollar gold pieces from the chief executive's honorable nose.

But to get back to today. It was after the performance in which the bank president had unexpectedly found himself taking part, that the magician unbosomed himself sadly over his supper in a neighboring restaurant. His grievance was the lack of good assistants in his line, and the danger in picking them out indiscriminately from the audience.

"Take that old stiff I used tonight," he moaned, referring thus sacrilegiously to the dignified bank president. "He came within a hair of queering my act. Suppose he had refused to get up from his seat, or to take my hand when I held it out! Seems simple to you, perhaps, but it would have killed me for tonight's performance as surely as if I'd slipped off the stairs and broken a leg. Unless I can absolutely control any one I work with, whether he is my own 'plant' or not, I get the laugh, and that is fatal to an illusionist. I must hold the other fellow by my indomitable will so that he must obey me.

OF course, seven eighths of this 'will-power' is pure bunk, and when you get hold of an old guy like this one tonight, who is a big boss in his own business, he's liable to get stubborn at any stage of the game. I saw that he didn't mean to get up when I asked him, and I had to work the child-like smile until my face cracked to bring him to his feet. Then, when I took his hand he held

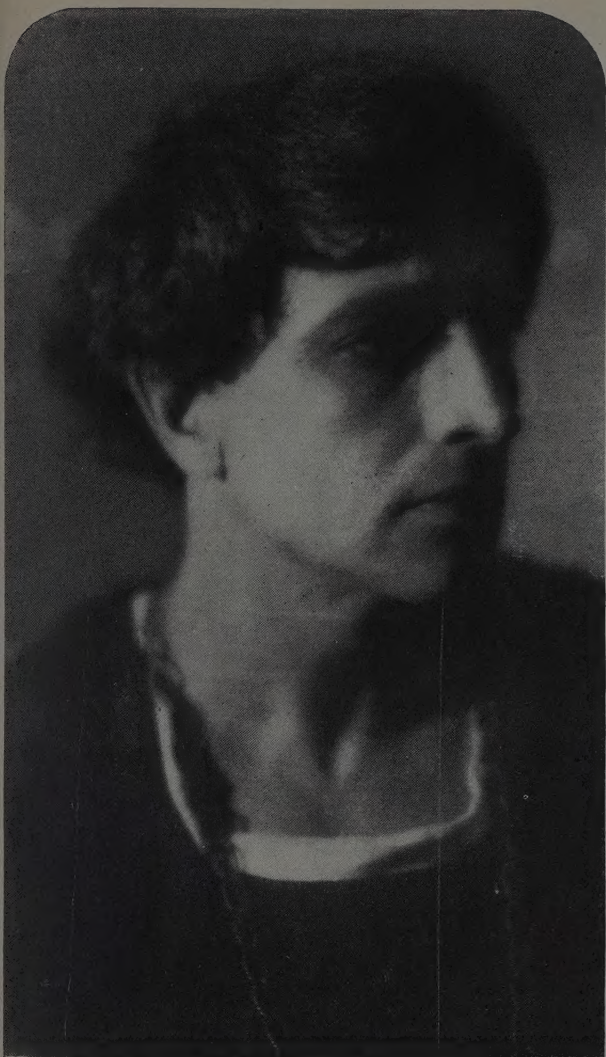
back with six-mule power, and I had to lug him up those stairs by main strength. Didn't look like it? No, of course not. I am an artist. But, all the same, I was doing the steel-grip-in-the-velvet-glove thing and cussing inside like an angry stevedore.

"What made you pick out such a hard customer?" was the natural query. "Why not ask some one who looked easier?"

"That shows you've never worked in vaudeville," rejoined the magician, with a superior smile. "Or you'd know that it's never safe to do the easy thing. Getting that bird, who looked as if he could have bought up the whole theatre, acts and all, if he'd wanted it, made twice the impression on the audience that it would if I'd gathered in some young fellow who would have regarded the whole stunt as a joke. It's that kind of discretion that gets me my big salary. As I said before, I am an artist."

The magician waited for this to sink in, while he continued his disappearing act with the bill of fare. Suddenly he broke out, as a new thought came to him: "The best kind of assistant is a girl. You take a good-looking young woman, clap her into tights and a modest costume, train her to time your act so that she will always be ready to hand you whatever article you want at the exact second, and let her do some little easy sleight-of-hand trick herself behind your back, to get a sympathetic laugh from the audience, and you've got something that will add to your salary enough to pay her wages and give you something over. That's what recompenses an artist for having to go through all that hocus-pocus I had with old 'Moneybags' in the aisle seat tonight."

A "PLANT" which always seems to take an audience by surprise, notwithstanding that it is perpetually springing up in theatres everywhere, is the unadvertised singer who, from his seat in a box, or the parquette, or even from the upper gallery, suddenly takes up the refrain of some number warbled from the stage. Usually it is in a vaudeville house, but it is not uncommon for the prima donna or leading comedian of a musical play who has a catchy song to be helped out by a supposed stranger in the audience. Very often the voice in the body of the house is quite as good as that of the singer on the stage—nearly always it is louder. The custom is to let the stage artist go through the first stanza, chorus and all. Then, when the refrain of the second verse is reached, so that the audience have become familiar with it, and are disposed to enjoy it all the more on that account, in comes this unexpected voice, singing with the accuracy of words and music that tells of adequate rehearsal, sometimes a woman's voice will do the work, but five times out of six it is a man, and always he is a tenor or high baritone.



Maurice Goldberg

FRITZ LIEBER

This new Shakespearian star recently appeared at the Lexington Theatre, this city, playing to large and enthusiastic audiences. The actor's general intelligence, technique, rich, strong voice, plastic mask, and graceful carriage, are all factors in an unquestionable personal success.

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE.

Macheath (Percy Heming), sings to Polly (Sylvia Nelis):

*My heart was so free,
It rovd like the Bee,
'Till Polly my Passion requited;
I sipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour,
But here ev'ry Flow'r is united.*



White

SHAKESPEAREAN STAR AND FAMOUS OPERETTA

MEMORIES OF "ERMINIE"

Famous operetta revived at the Park with several members of the original cast



TO the old-time playgoer there is always something painful in the revival of an ancient "success." More or less of the old traditions are sure to be contemptuously set at naught, and features of the production which gave keen delight to the audiences of thirty or forty years ago are either thrown out altogether because they are "too old-fashioned for modern taste," or are presented in an insolently apologetic spirit, just to show what queer things satisfied the simple folk of the "eighties." So it is that the recent revival of "Erminie," even with Francis Wilson, Jennie Weathersby and one or two less important members of the original Casino cast, did not give unalloyed pleasure to those who rejoiced to see and hear it again when first it came over from England over three decades ago.

Francis Wilson, as Cadeaux, used to be such a rollicking, devil-may-care, rascally ragged thief, with his clothes slipping down perpetually, his comedy legs sliding him ridiculously to and from Ravennes, and his squeaky voice uttering the extremely low comedy lines of his part, that it seemed as if it would be impossible for a man to be funnier—in that particular character, anyhow. In fact, it is to be doubted whether anybody ever was. But with added years have come what actors like to call "mellowness," and many little touches have been added to the impersonation for 1921 which seem to those who are witnessing it for the first time to be indispensable, but which the old-timers got along very well without in 1886.

THEN how hard it is for old Casino habitués to imagine Caddy without W. S. Daboll as Ravvy. Daboll had never been prominent until he came into "Erminie." He had been a useful sort of actor, with a fair voice, and could be put into any ordinary part with the certainty that he would not spoil it. That was all. If memory serves, he was for some time a member of Nate Salisbury's "Troubadours," a long-forgotten musical comedy organization which went out of existence when Salisbury joined Colonel Cody in organizing "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." Daboll's dry humor, with his serious face and deep voice, fitted well into the part of Ravennes. One of his "bits," in which he was regarded as inimitable, was his paying court to an imaginary lady at a ball, bowing and speaking to an empty chair with such earnestness that it actually seemed to bring the supposed belle into visibility. He was such a splendid foil to Wilson, as caddy, and at the same time maintained the dignity of his own character with such skill that he never degenerated into the "feeder" he might have become otherwise.

There were other Ravvys—one of them the sonorous William Broderick, who afterward was a notable Poo-Bah—and another Henry

E. Dixey, but until now, when De Wolf Hopper makes a distinct characterization of Ravennes of as great weight in its way as any part in the operetta, there never has been one to displace Daboll in the affectionate memory of the old-timer. Daboll played Ravennes all through the first long run. It was years afterward, when a revival was projected and he had been cast for his old part, that he died suddenly by his own hand.

There have been many noted prima donnas in the rôle of Erminie. Pauline Hall was the first, and the character is associated with her in the minds of most people. But Marie Jansen, and—I think—Fanny Rice and Lillian Russell, have been seen as Erminie, either in New York or on the road. The first of the Javottes was Marion Manola, who was then, or afterward became, Mrs. John Mason, and who possessed unique charm both as actress and singer. Lulu Glaser and other prima donnas of the light opera stage succeeded her, but to most of us Javotte is always associated with Manola only.

AMONG those who have done Cadeaux, and done it well, besides the creator of the character in this country, may be mentioned James T. Powers, Jefferson de Angelis, Fred Solomon, and Alexander Clark, who is the Chevalier de Brabazon in the present revival. In each case the new Cadeaux was content to use the same stage business, and, as nearly as possible, to simulate the inimitable snuffling accent of the original. In this way they all were sure of being acceptable, at least, for Caddy is one of those parts that play themselves. The knockabout comedian need only let himself go, and he is safe to please his audience. By the way, the comic "business" assigned to Caddy is mostly of the "silly ass" kind that appears to appeal particularly to English risibilities in the theatre. Only a British low comedian of the conventional sort, as was Harry Paulton, who wrote the book, could have conceived some of the absurd situations and primitively funny lines that are somehow so unctuous in the hands of Francis Wilson. Paulton was either Clown or Pantaloon in various Christmas pantomimes in London, and pantomime humor is much more remarkable for broadness than subtlety.

MADGE Lessing, who is Captain Delaney to-day, was in the original cast of "Erminie," but her part was small, and only her striking prettiness made her memorable. The old-timer recalls Miss Lessing in other musical shows done at the Casino in those far-off days rather than in "Erminie." In a farcical play, with music, entitled "In Gay New York," produced by George W. Lederer at the Casino, after the Rudolph Aronson régime, Madge Lessing played a

country bride, and she was as captivatingly beautiful a girl as even the Casino ever saw. The bridegroom was Wm. Hodge, in one of those awkward, but lovable, "rube" characters, that in "The Man From Home" and similar offerings, he has made peculiarly his own. The contrast between the long-legged, homespun, gangling Hodge and the dainty Madge, is one of the pleasant memories of "In Gay New York!" Another is that it was in this fluffy nondescript offering that David Warfield made his Broadway début, in a character "bit" of his own devising—that of a Jewish peddler—which was introduced in one scene, although it had nothing to do with the plot—if there was one.

Then there was Jennie Weathersby, in her high coiffure and absurd hoopskirts, as the spinster Princess with whom Cadeaux dances at the ball. While the hoopskirt fun was obvious and inclined to vulgarity, Miss Weathersby was so thoroughly a comedienne that we know she would have been deliciously amusing without it. At all events, she seemed to enter into the spirit of the frolic with as much abandon as Wilson himself, and it would be hard to imagine "Erminie," even in these days, if there were no Jennie Weathersby to waltz spectacularly with Cadeaux. Perhaps one reason she vitalized the Princess de Grampeneur so well was that the character was an English conception, and Miss Weathersby was born in England.

WHEN one talks about the music of "Erminie," it seems as if the famous "Lullaby" drives everything else out of the mind. The haunting melody of this charming slumber song in Pauline Hall's sweet, rich tones, as she swayed to and fro with an imaginary infant in her arms! No wonder there was encore after encore, until the singer was tired, but still smilingly yielded to the demands of those who were young then, and even to-day, as "old boys," feel something of the old thrill as they hear the music from other lips. The Erminie of to-day never heard the bewitching Pauline who was the toast of the town a third of a century ago, but Irene Williams, too, has a charm all her own and lives up to the best traditions of the rôle. The complete cast of the present revival at the Park, January 3, is as follows:

Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravennes	DeWolf Hopper
Marquis de Pomvert	Francis Lieb
Chevalier de Brabazon	Alexander Clark
Eugene Marcel	Warren Proctor
Captain Delaney	Madge Lessing
Simon	Adrian Morgan
Vicomte de Brissac	E. John Kennedy
Sergeant	John H. Reed
Benedict	John E. Douglas
Erminie	Irene Williams
Princess de Grampeneur	Jennie Weathersby
Cerise Marcel	Alice Hanlon
Marie	Angela Warde
Javotte	Rosamond Whiteside



Frank Morgan

Nora Bayes

Alan Edwards

THE GEORGIAN GARDEN SCENE IN "HER FAMILY TREE" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

In this elaborate play of several incarnations, Nora Bayes appears as six different characters, ranging from "Nevada Nell" in a California mining camp, to the elegant Lady Eleanor in Georgian England. Miss Bayes scores in an entirely different class of work from what we are accustomed to in her.



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THE BIG SCENE IN "THE BROKEN WING," AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

American secret service men, flying over Mexico, come to grief. Their aeroplane tears away part of a wall, and the startled audience hears a great whirring of wings, the moans from the injured airmen, and views the wreckage of a plane, and the apparently broken bodies of the aviators, through a cloud of smoke.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY MIRRORED IN RECENT PLAYS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Below)

HARMON MAC GREGOR

whose portrayal of the part of Michael O'Hara, the idealistic Catholic strike-leader in St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," has brought him sharply into the spotlight, served his apprenticeship in a number of prominent stock companies and in vaudeville before New York opened up for him. He was featured in vaudeville in a sketch, "On the High Seas," by Langdon McCormick, author of "The Storm"



(Left)

ALPHONZ ETHIER

Who plays the picturesque Captain Innocencio Los Santos in "The Broken Wing," is also a finished product of famous stock organizations, in one of which he served as manager, director and producer. In recent years he has appeared on Broadway in "The Right of Way," "A Fool There Was," "The Argyle Case" and with Elsie Ferguson in "A Strange Woman." Last season he had the distinction of following Lionel Barrymore as Neri in "The Jest"

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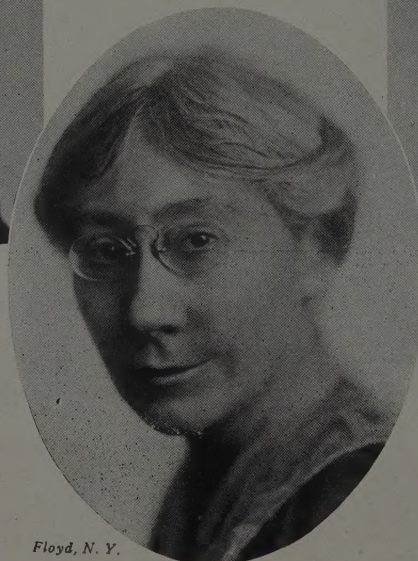


Steinberg, N. Y.

(Right)

ADA KING

This admirable English actress gives a fine performance in Barrie's new play "Mary Rose" as Mrs. Otery, the frightened, nerve-racked old care-taker of the haunted house. She came first into prominence as a member of Miss Horniman's Company in Manchester.



Floyd, N. Y.



Mary Dale Clarke

MORGAN FARLEY

This young actor, who plays with uncommon skill the son, Charles, in "Deburau," made his stage debut four years ago with Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre. Later he appeared in "Seventeen" at the Booth Theatre in the character of Joe Bullitt. More recently he has been seen as Bobbie in "Clarence" and in "The Charm School"



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SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO AS ELEAZAR IN "LA JUIVE"

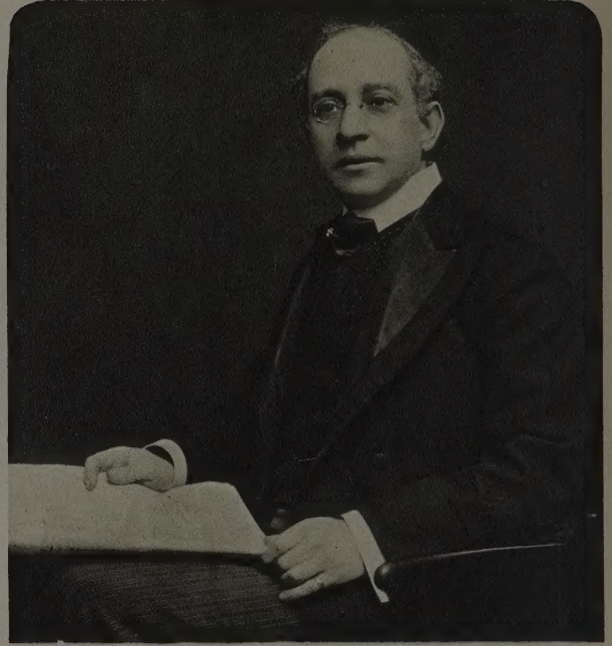


AN INTERESTING MEETING

W. J. Ferguson (left) and Mrs. Kathryn Evans (right), the two last survivors of the cast of "Our American Cousin," that memorable night, April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot, brought face to face by Frank McGlynn, now impersonating Lincoln in the Drinkwater play, neither being aware of the other's existence

JAMES MONTGOMERY

The author of "Irene," one of the biggest musical comedy successes in years, has completed a new comedy drama to be produced soon. Mr. Montgomery is himself a child of the theatre. His father was manager of the famous Bostonians, and he has himself acted with John Barrymore and other stars



MICHAEL MORTON

English dramatist, author of "The Yellow Ticket," "Resurrection" and other successful plays, who has come to America to direct the production of two new pieces, "Woman to Woman," in which Willette Kershaw will be featured, and "In the Night Watch," a spectacular drama which succeeds "Mecca" at the Century



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MARGUERITE SYLVA

This Belgian artiste, long a favorite on Broadway in comic opera, has temporarily forsaken musical rôles for the dramatic stage. This season she is appearing in "The Song Bird," a comedy by the Hattons.

IN THE GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS



Photos Bruguère



Mrs. Rainey (Margaret Wycherly) the Belfast mother, imparting her tender Irish philosophy to her son (Rollo Peters), two of the principal characters in "Mixed Marriage" at the Bramhall

Left to right: Augustin Duncan, Margaret Wycherly, Barry Macallum, Rollo Peters, Angela McCahill and Harmon MacGregor

ACT III. DEATH OF NORA AT THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY MOB

Michael O'Hara (Harmon MacGregor) takes refuge from the fighting outside, while Nora Murray (Angela McCahill) the Catholic fiancée of Hugh Rainey is dying of a bullet wound at the hands of the strikers aroused to religious frenzy by John Rainey (Augustin Duncan) the bigoted Protestant father of the girl's lover

CLASH OF RELIGION IN ST. JOHN ERVINE'S PLAY



"You want to go on the stage?"

"BEAUTY" SMITH

A true story of Theatrical Life

By ADA PATTERSON



TIES, please. And the quicker the better. I'm in a great hurry. "This way, sir."

Howard Morton, enjoying his day as the most popular American actor, followed his guide to the counter where neckties were displayed in a showcase. The stock's meagerness was more than atoned for by the rainbow brilliance of the colors. The actor surveyed the goods with ill-concealed discontent.

"Have you nothing in better—let us say, more subdued?"

The young salesman looked eagerly at his interlocutor.

"I shall be glad to show you a half-dozen of a special order that arrived from New York this morning. I ordered them for myself. I'm sure you will like them."

The removal of some boxes on the shelf, a hasty apology for a diminutive cloud of dust arising therefrom, and the hidden treasures were spread before him. Howard Morton's dissatisfied gaze turned from the garish reds and smiting blues in the show case to the silk scarfs spread before him. Palest greens and soft blues and rich but low-toned browns and gentle green that was no relation to its strident fellows in the showcase, but kin to the gentlemanly browns before him, awaited his choice.

"I'll take them all," he said. "How much?"

The salesman smiled:

"If you will permit me, I should like to present them to you, sir. It would be not only an honor, but a very great pleasure, I assure you."

Morton lifted his eyes from the soft silks for the first time to the man who stood behind the counter. He looked sharply at him, and an answer corresponding to the look tormented his tongue tip. But the answer was never spoken.

Morton faced a man of splendid height. He was later to learn

that the height was six feet two inches. It was balanced by a fine sweep of shoulders. The inverted wedge-shape model for manly beauty of form was apparent in the neat, fairly-fitting clothes, product of a conscientious but small-town tailor. The material was a rough, soft gray stuff topped by a silk scarf of gray, with a faintly rose tone. Above this rose a head and face of sheer beauty. Somewhat roughly chiseled the face was, but of marvelous regularity. The nose jutted out to match a jaw of corresponding boldness. The lips were well cut and held a shade of sensitiveness. The forehead was straight and high and broad and white.

"You are very kind," responded Howard Morton. "But why overwhelm me with such generosity, O child of Charles Dana Gibson's drawing pen?"

The man smiled, a smile as sweet as a girl's.

"I am crazy about the theatre, Mr. Morton. I have been ever since I was a child, when I went to Chicago with father and he took me to see 'The Old Homestead.' I have read about you and have seen your pictures. I've bought four seats for the family tonight. I wish you would accept this little token. It would give me so much pleasure to know I had been of some slight service to you."

"Really—this is rather unusual, Mr.—"

"Smith," the salesman humbly answered.

A traveling man, huge, jocular, paunchy, elbowed his way to the counter. With trade geniality, he roared:

"Hello, 'Beauty' Smith! Greetings, old man! How are you?"

The young man flushed. "Very well, I thank you," he answered, nervously. "I will see you in a minute." He pushed his card across the counter. Howard Morton read on the bit of pasteboard, "William Smith—Smith and Sons." "You will allow me to send this package to your hotel?"

"If you like to pay this tribute to Thespis! Thank you. I am sorry you are provided with seats for tonight. I should like to send you tickets. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"I—I—"

His face was suffused with a red tide. His long, shapely fingers trembled as he thrust the cravats into their manila envelope.

Morton looked at him curiously. The boy was intensely nervous. A clear case of stage fright. Kindly, he said:

"Drop round to my dressing room after the performance and permit me to thank you further."

Howard Morton hastened to the theatre to rehearse a scene with a new member of the cast.

That evening the star was divesting himself of his caparisoning splendor as the Gay Prince, when a timid rap on his dressing room door announced a visitor.

His dresser opened the door to a gingerly two-crack width and held a whispered colloquy.

"Mr. Smith desires to see you, sir."

"Smith! What Smith! There is a myriad of Smiths. Ask his first name and where he's from." Howard Morton was always irritable for the first quarter-hour after his performance, unless the audience had been unusually warm. Tonight the applause had been scattering, loud only in spots, showing either division of opinion as to his own merits and those of the play, or an alarming lukewarmness on the part of at least half the audience toward himself.

The return of his minion with further enlightenment:

"He says he met you this afternoon at the Smith and Sons store, in this city, and that you condescended—that's his word, sir—to ask him to come back after the performance."

"Oh, yes—Smith of the ties. Ask him in."

Morton looked up from the removal of his grease paint. One side of his face shone with its coating of cold cream. The other still bore the brilliant reds of his mediæval make-up.

His visitor bent so low that Morton withdrew his hand, in sudden apprehension lest it be kissed. But again he was struck with the small-town salesman's beauty of form and profile.

"Good evening, Mr. Smith."

"I hope you have not forgotten the pleasant little incident of this afternoon, Mr. Morton—our meeting in the store."

"Certainly not. I recall your kindness. I am under a weight of obligation to you for those handsome ties. (Continued on page 168)



Campbell

JULIET STRAHL
Eccentric singer and
dancer identified with
a number of Winter
Garden Shows

Apeda

LYOLA WHITE
Remembered as the
Butterfly Girl in the
1919 show, this strik-
ing stage beauty has
posed as model for
several well known
artists



EDITH PIERCE

Typical American show girl, specially
engaged for this season's production

TOT QUALTERS

Tall and loose-jointed,
this clever artiste,
seen formerly with
the Century Prom.
has developed a spe-
cial type of eccentric
dancing

JANET ADAIR

Daughter of Capt. Ed-
ward Adair, U.S.A., this
principal made her début
as Yum Yum in "The
Mikado." Her mezzo-
soprano voice and char-
acter songs are agree-
able features of "The
Passing Show."



BEAUTY AND TALENT IN 'THE PASSING SHOW OF 1921'



Photocraft

DE WOLF HOPPER AS RAVENNES

The appearance of this favorite elongated comedian in the present revival of the Casino's famous classic marks his return to New York after two years spent on "the road" playing Ole Bill in "The Better 'Ole." The part of Ravensnes—Cadeaux' partner in crime—in the original production of "Erminie" was played by W. S. Daboll.

FAMOUS COMEDIANS WHO ADD GAIETY TO A



Photocraft

FRANCIS WILSON AS CADEAUX

One of the most successful of American low comedians, Mr. Wilson originated this rôle—a petty thief who masquerades in polite society—at the Casino in 1886 and made a tremendous hit in the part. He has not appeared in comic opera since the last revival of "Erminie," seventeen years ago.

JOYOUS REVIVAL OF "ERMINIE" AT THE PARK

I saw that you were embarrassed at the interruption of our conversation. I gathered that you wished to say something further to me."

Yes, Mr. Morton. But first let me tell you how much my mother and sister and I enjoyed the play—most of all your performance."

"Thank you. I believe you said that you are interested in the stage."

"Yes, sir. More than anything else in the world."

His acute and agonizing humility showed in the collapse of the tall figure, in the pallor of his lean, shapely features, in the futile fumbling of his hands with his handkerchief. Cold perspiration had left great beads on his white forehead.

"You want to go on the stage?"

"Yes," faltered the younger man, an entreaty in the handsome gray eyes. "How could you know?"

"I know the symptoms, Mr. Smith."

"What—would you mind—telling me what you think?"

"I don't think, Mr. Smith. I have the most positive convictions on the subject. I don't think any one should go on the stage who can possibly stay off it."

There was the dumb appeal of a beaten dog in the eyes that sought his. Morton answered the question in those eyes: "Because it is a hard life, even to those who are supremely talented. It is a path of thorns. If a man wants an even, pleasant life, with time for his home, his family, his books, for meditation, he should turn his back upon the stage and keep it turned. Can you guess my ambition?"

DUMB admiration shone in the eyes turned upon him. The older man continued:

"I want time to read. That's all I ask of life, just time enough to read the books that I've never had time to read. You may think I have time on the train. No, I don't. I'm always reading plays for next season, seeking to find one good one among tons of trash. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. There's a ten-thousandth chance of finding the needle. Then when I'm in a town, I'm giving all my spare time to rehearsing the fools that don't belong on the stage, but somehow get there."

A surge of red stained the cheeks of the listener. Quickly, the actor exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith. You might happen to be the one exception."

"Beauty" Smith leaned forward.

"Then you think I might—possibly—"

"But the life, my boy. Give some thought to that."

"I wouldn't mind it, sir. I would serve in any capacity. It is the one thing in all the world that I should like to do."

"But," a wave of weariness was again submerging Howard Morton, "how do you know that you have any talent?"

"I—I don't know—only don't you think—if you love a thing better than anything else in the world, you must have a talent for it."

"It doesn't follow. There are ever so many persons who have miscast themselves in the comedy drama of existence."

"If—you would only give a chance—I wouldn't want any salary at first—I might even pay for the privilege—"

"Tush! Some managers do that. I wouldn't. My people must stand on their own. This is

a dramatic company, not a musical comedy collection of beauties."

"I beg your pardon. But you seemed so kind. You are so famous. I thought you might know what this hunger to do something on the stage means."

"I feel it my duty to say it may mean simply vanity."

"Beauty" Smith started awkwardly toward the door. "I'm sorry to have taken your time, Mr. Morton. I thank you for receiving me. Good-night."

"Wait!"

BEAUTY" Smith turned a wounded but forgiving glance at his taciturn host.

"You know that group of chaps who come on in the ballroom scene in this play?"

"Yes, sir."

"They all have a line or two. If you're willing to join their number at eighteen dollars a week, I will give you a chance. One of the fellows is leaving us at the next town."

"Mr. Morton—I—" The lean jaws locked.

"You'll go?"

He nodded. Morton put forth his hand. He drew it back and hid it in the folds of his robe. Again he was in a panic lest it should be kissed.

"Beauty" Smith groped his way through the dark little hall. He stumbled over the door sill and made his way out through the alley that is the usual approach to a temple of dramatic art. Two figures in black silk awaited him.

"Mother!" he said chokingly. "Sis! Mr. Morton will give me a chance. I'm engaged."

The town clocks united in striking the hour of twelve when "Beauty" Smith joined "The Gay Prince" company on its early jump to the next town. He was a shade disappointed when Howard Morton stepped from the cab, and, escorting his beautiful leading woman across the station platform to the special car, passed him without recognition. He was presently to learn something of the dignity that doth hedge round a star. He followed the conductor's brusque instructions, "Day coach for you." He tracked a sleepy quartette of young men to the stuffy car and watched them bestow themselves upon pillows extemporized from traveling bags and beneath overcoat substitutes for blankets. Soon the quartette snored. "Beauty" Smith, uncomfortably lying with his legs bent as a double jackknife, detected a distinctly baritone quality in one snore, that blended into the bass and first and second tenor of the other Thespian sleepers. The dim lights, the murky shadows in the corner of the cars, the incredible stuffiness of the moving Black Hole of Calcutta into which the men who direct railways permit common carriers to relapse, offended his orderly fastidiousness. Yet, despite the aching discomfort of it all, he lay staring into the future with a smile.

HE was awakened by a rough shaking of his shoulder.

"D'ye belong to this theatrical company? Then ye'd better clear out. They're all piled off and if it hadn't been for me they'd have left you go on to the next tank."

Incredible misfortune! "Beauty" Smith shook himself, snatched his valise and sprang from the moving train. One of the quartette of young men, whom he recognized as the handsome roysters who were the Gay Prince's companions

on his dubious larks in the play, looked sharp at him.

"You the fellow that's joined the company at the last stand? Guess you'd better come with us. There's a 'ham and' up the street where we can get breakfast. We'll save a day's room rent if we don't register until tonight. You'll learn all these tricks when you've been trooping awhile. What's your name? Smith. Oh, Laila Burns, Grimson—this is the new member of the company cast. Smith's his name—Beauty Smith."

It was January when he joined the company. It was May when they drew into the Jersey City station and the company hurried from the ferry and parted with a few quick good-byes. Five months, and he had had but two greetings from the star!

Once at a station platform Howard Morton had looked absently at him, and said, as though making an effort to remember, "Ah! Good morning." Another time he had thanked him when Smith, at the risk of his neck, had snatched up the leading woman's umbrella from its immobility to the moving car wheel and restored it with a scarlet banner on his lean face and with a too-low bow. Miss Jean Harney had rewarded him with a puzzled glance and a quarter portion of her bewitching smile.

BUT on this gray morning, with the terror inspired by the mammoth city in his heart, he screwed his courage to the speaking point.

"Pardon me, sir," he stood hat in hand beside the star as he was stepping into his carriage. "I trust that my work has been satisfactory and that I may hope to be with you next season."

Howard Morton frowned. "I really haven't noticed. I suppose so." He was always ill-humored when circumstances compelled him to rise early. "As for the rest, I'll see when the proper time comes." He closed the door with a bang.

Hot tears stung "Beauty" Smith's eyelids. Manfully, he winked them back. He would walk to save carfare. He might find lodgings on the way. He followed the car track on Twenty-third Street from the clamorous docks through the mean maze of West Street, along a shabby row of houses to Tenth Avenue, past Tenth where the buildings were of more substantial order, crossed Ninth Avenue, and reached a fine three-story building of red brick. The house was set far back from the street. Through the trees half covered with new leaves he saw the sign, "Rooms to Rent." He swung open the low gate, strode up the walk and rang the bell. A slatternly man-of-all-work opened the door and blinked at him.

"Will you show me some of your rooms?"

The bleary-eyed old man made no answer, but led the way upstairs, his heelless slippers hollowly slapping the floor. "Beauty" Smith followed to the third floor back.

"Five dollars a week," croaked the old man.

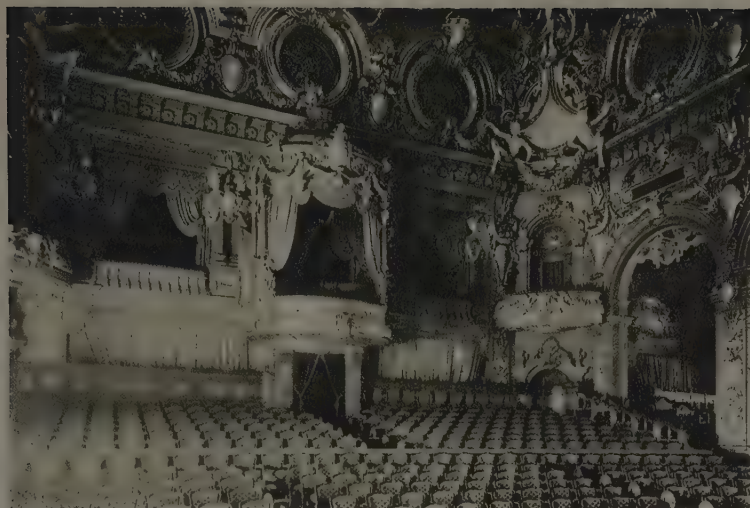
The home-seeker looked at the narrow bed with its not too clean and not well-mended spread, the chair of dubious legs and cane seat with a hole in the center, the feeble-looking washstand, the brown gash in the lip of the pitcher.

"Is this the best you have?"

"Only one left."

"I don't think I'll—"

The old man lifted his blood-shot gaze. "Ye-



Photos by J. Enrietti

The Theatre in the Casino was built in 1878 by Charles Garnier, the celebrated architect of the Paris Opera House, with equal elegance and wealth of decoration. A veritable jewel box, it contains paintings by such masters as Feyen-Perrin, Boulanger, and Clairin. The capacity is about 600 persons



M. DE MAX

Well known actor of the Comédie Française who took the leading part in "Les Aigles dans la Tempête"

MME. PIERAT

Prominent member of the Comédie Française who appears in all the leading dramatic productions



Each season M. Gunsbourg produces at Monte Carlo new operas by the greatest composers of the day. Among the works first given here to the world are: Lalo and Coquard's "La Jacquerie," Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Mascagni's "Amica," etc. Famous artists who have appeared include: Patti, Nilsson, de Reszke, Tamagno, Caruso, Chaliapine, Titta Ruffo, Muratore, Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, Jane Hading, Mounet-Sully, the Coquelins, etc.



Scene in "Les Aigles dans la Tempête," a notable Casino première



RAOUL GUNSBOURG

The able director and organizer of Monte Carlo's theatrical season

OPERAS AND PLAYS ENLIVEN MONTE CARLO'S SEASON

better take it," he said. "It's famous, this house is. Great folks has lived here."

"Yes? Who?"

"This house was once owned by Mrs. Lilly Langtry. It was she lived right here."

As by swift magic the traveling bag found its place on the bed, a five-dollar bill into the old man's hand. For many weeks thereafter the shabby old house, its dingy walls hinting of faded romance, sheltered "Beauty" Smith and his hopes.

Howard Morton kept his promise. He spoke of him at the proper time. He laid "Beauty" Smith's fate upon the laps of a god and a goddess. The proper time was a July morning in the office of Louis Magrane, the business partner of the star. The goddess was Miss Jean Harney, the dark-eyed leading woman of this company.

"I think the cast should remain substantially as it is, don't you, dear?" Mr. Morton addressed his leading lady.

"With a few minor exceptions, I do."

"And those minor exceptions, ma belle?"

"I think we should have a fair ingenue. Miss Chadwick is too dark, too nearly my own type."

"Mollie Kitchen has been besieging this office. She all but crosses her hand in prayer when she asks to go with Mr. Morton and Miss Harney next season," said the business partner.

"Is she fair?" asked Miss Harney.

"Very. My wife calls her an ash blonde."

"What has she done?"

SHE was for two seasons with "The Fatted Calf." Made a hit in a small part. All the papers spoke of her. Don't you remember?

"Enough. We'll take her, eh?"

Miss Harney smiled assent.

She rose. "Wait a moment, my love. There's something else. Oh yes, the fifth young man in the drawing-room and the street scene?"

"The one they call

"Beauty" Smith?"

"I believe they do."

The actress frowned.

"L. M., that man is one of Howard's mistakes. I can't conceive why he ever engaged him. He picked him up somewhere on the road. The fellow is stage-struck and he is handsome. But he has nothing else to recommend him. He is amateurish in the rawest way."

"Then perhaps we'd better let him out," said L. M. rising.

They walked out laughing and waved to Jean Harney on her way to a Fifth Avenue milliner's shop, while Morton crossed Madison Square and into Twentieth Street to The Players.

Two days later "Beauty" Smith read of Morton's marriage and his sailing for Europe to be gone until he resumed his tour.

The young man called at Louis Magrane's office. He bestowed his neatly brushed length upon one of the benches where Thespians awaited the beckoning of the gods. A loose-lipped, sleepy-eyed Mercury it was that bore their messages to the god behind the door whereon was painted "Louis Magrane, Private." For three hours "Beauty" waited. Pretty, pink-faced girls in cool linen gowns and flower hats, lace parasols and pointed shoes, waited beside him, were summoned to Olympus and departed.

"Beauty" was the last. L. M.'s voice rose to argument pitch on the telephone. There was the bang of a closing desk lid. The door swung open and a short, stoutish man in brown tweed and a brown, slightly tilted derby, came out, slamming it with reverence that shot the drowsy boy from his tilted chair to an upright posture.

"Beauty" rose and approached the manager. He presented his card. Magrane glanced at it, but did not take it.

"I see. With 'The Gay Prince' last season," he said. "The cast of 'The Prince' is filled for next year, and we won't be putting out anything else before spring. Sorry."

STARK hunger faced the stage recruit that summer. He had "broken" his last five-dollar bill. His last week, at the faded abode of the fascinating Langtry, had expired save for two days. Long before he had adopted the one meal a day measure.

He walked the treadmill of the agencies and the managers' offices. His handsome face gained interest, which his shy speech and his self-conscious manner soon dissipated. He had tried "the pictures" and had twice been discharged as "hopeless because he can't act." Day after day he climbed the long dirty stairs to the managers' offices with the listlessness of a canal

horse on the fiftieth lap of the towpath.

He made frequent calls at the offices of every agent in town. The pockets of his alpaca coat bulged with photographs. When he was permitted he showed them.

"That's all very well," sneered one agent, "but can you act? I've never seen you do anything by that name. After all, acting's the thing. A girl can pretty her way through a play on her looks, but a man can't."

LATE in the autumn he joined a repertoire company that wandered into the highway and byways of nearly forgotten routes. "Beauty" developed dyspepsia. The manager, beset by many anxieties, roared at him one day at rehearsals: "Good Lord! You're losing your looks. Don't let that happen. For when they go there'll be nothing left."

He tried to preserve his good looks. But the fare in the one-night stands was bad. He could not eat with relish the hard-fried food set before him. He tried to take the long walks and gymnasium exercise. But lack of nutriment had robbed him of his strength. He tried to sleep long and well. But early jumps and long rides in huddled postures and the fetid air of the day coaches became a series of nightmares.

After three years of repertoire, "Beauty" could resist encroaching illness no more. A long fever wasted him. When his money was gone the doctor who had attended him said: "You'll have to do something. What with a large family and the high cost of living, I can't do charity work."

Miss Petite of the "Dainty Blondes" burlesque company called at the offices of the Actors' Fund and told "Beauty's" story. It undertook to make him comfortable at a hospital.

It was a long illness. It seemed that he could never regain the strength that had been his.

When he left the hospital he looked long at his reflection in a shop window on the corner. His form was so shrunken that his clothes flapped about his limbs. His muscles were cottony. The firm, manly contour of his face had yielded to hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, from which the fires of life seemed to have gone out. The fever had burned his hair as a drought destroys vegetation. Part of his hair was thin and patchy. What was left was turning gray.

To a beautiful woman premature age is a tragedy. But to "Beauty" Smith, lying awake through the night in his hall bedroom, it was a sentence of doom. After a day or two of strength gathering he set forth again to the offices of managers and agents. Few of the hundreds of young and at least out-

(Continued on page 208)

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE": Typical Shavian comedy—delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, splendidly entertaining.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARIE ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilyn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN": New variation of the eternal triangle—three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC": Girl show de luxe. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.

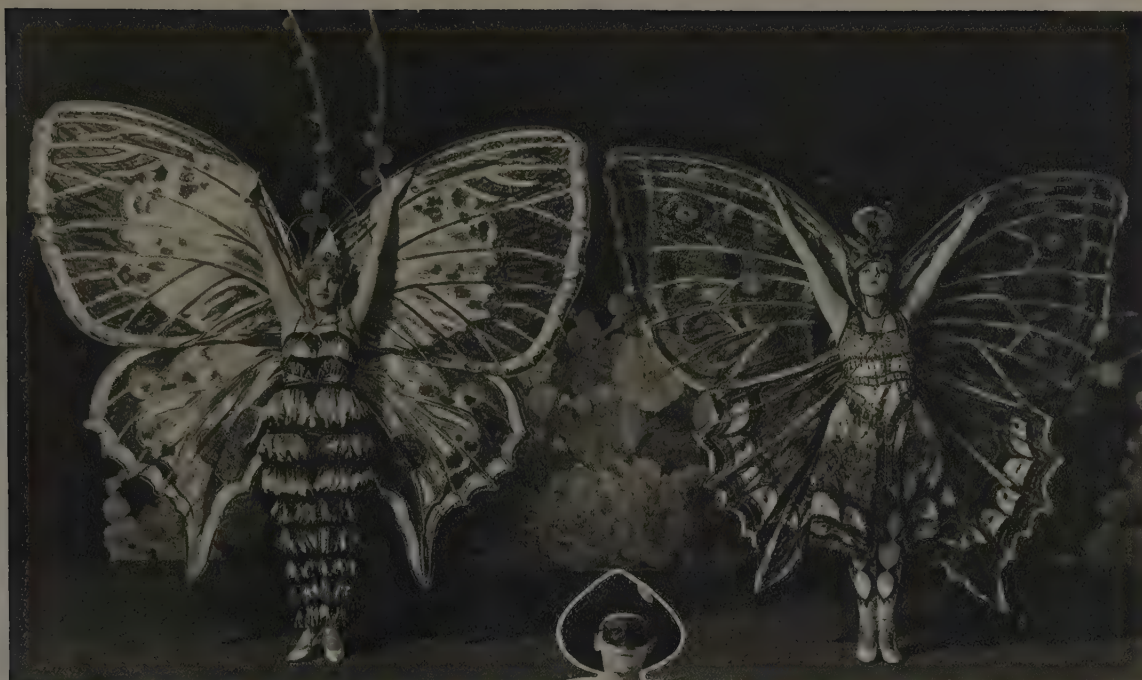
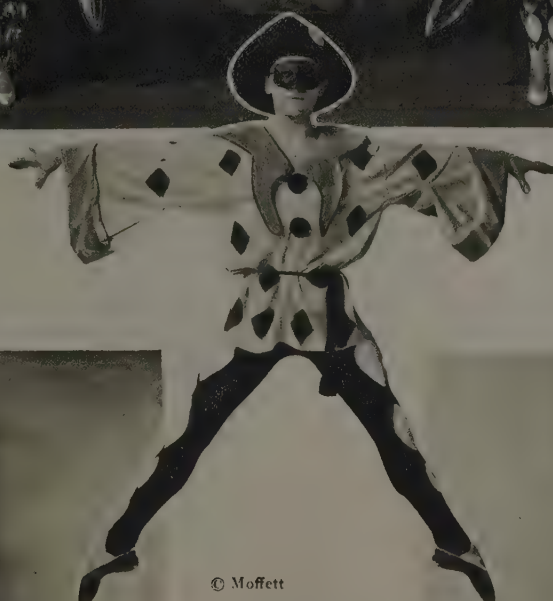


Photo by White

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE IN "SALLY"

A photograph fails
utterly to do justice to
these dazzling costumes
which, with their folding

wings, constitute a veri-
table riot of gorgeous
coloring and jewelled
design. The dresses
were made by Pascaud,
of Paris, especially for
this Ziegfeld production



© Moffett

SERGE OUKRAINSKY

Greatest bare toe
dancer in the world,
and leader of the
Pavley-Oukrainsky
ballet



© Moffett

ANDREAS PAVLEY

Pronounced the master of emotional dancing,
this Russian artist is a star of the Chicago
Opera Ballet



Photo by Floyd

MARIE GAMBRELLI

Only seventeen, this talented ballerina
at the Capitol Theatre, but she has
mastered the technique of classic ballet
and possesses distinct individuality

BALLET AND DANCERS DAZZLE NEW YORK



Photos by White

Eager crowds push their way into the Théâtre des Funambules to see the famous Deburau

(Below)

As Deburau is about to go home after the performance, he is accosted by a beautiful woman who has come to pay him homage—none other than the celebrated courtesan, Marie Duplessis



Lionel Atwill

Elsie Mackay

The auditorium of the famous little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, on the stage of which Deburau, the celebrated Pierrot, will presently appear. The playhouse is packed with Parisians of all conditions, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Chopin and other celebrities, easily recognized "among those present"

After two blissful weeks spent with Marie Duplessis, whose infatuation was only a momentary caprice, Deburau returns to find her in the arms of Armand Duval



Elsie Mackay

John Roche

Georgie Ryan

Mr. Atwill

GUITRY'S PLAY OF THE FAMOUS PIERROT, DEBURAU



Mr. Atwill

Morgan Farley



Elsie Mackay

Mr. Atwill

His health shattered by the blow to his pride, Deburau has left the stage, but quickly he resents the suggestion made by his son that he take his father's name and place

(Right)
Marie Duplessis comes to urge Deburau to return to the stage



Once more Deburau faces the audience at the Funambules, but the old time power has gone. He falters, is hissed and the curtain falls amid jeers



Deciding that Charles shall be his successor, Deburau makes him don Pierrot's suit

Before the curtain rises, the old favorite gives his son advice as to the playing of the rôle, and takes a touching farewell of his comrades

—A NEW BELASCO TRIUMPH TOLD IN PICTURES

GEORGETTE LEBLANC—AN AGELESS WOMAN

Maeterlinck's former associate comes to America to imbibe its youth

By RICHARD GRAHAM



GEORGETTE Leblanc, for eighteen years beloved of Maurice Maeterlinck, greatest living mystic philosopher, has come to America to write *A Book of Love*.

She well knows her theme. Paris terms her the priestess of tender passion, the oracle of love, the interpreter of the heart.

Yet she laughed, deeply, subtly, when I asked her how many men had loved her.

"I do not know," she answered.

"You cannot count them?" I asked of the blonde, vibrant creature of romance, this Peter Pan in the life of love.

"No, because there are many men who love an artiste, whom she does not know. They are the silent, adoring lovers in the audience. They are, perhaps, the truest. They are the idealists and true idealists are truest lovers. But this is not true alone of artists, who are to some degree sweethearts of the public. Every woman is loved by more men than she knows. One may not measure the worship of these silent, adoring ones."

"And you?" I dared to ask the woman with the limpid green eyes, who often laughs. The frequent laugh is the mark of world camaraderie.

"I have loved three men."

The laugh ended. The lips that habitually curve formed a nearly straight line. It was the line of prohibition. There are reticences that even the professional intruder, the one who lives by pressing interrogations, may not pass. So I did not ask the identity of the trio. Her love for Maeterlinck the world knows. There was an ardor with a blonde English youth, one Edwin Marsh, who has passed into British rural life and obscurity. The other was probably the hero of an early romance, one with the dew of her youth upon it.

As in the instance of a once celebrated American actress who told a friend the harrowing tale of an enamored Philadelphia youth who attempted to kill himself when she ended her engagement in the Quaker City and began a long tour.

"It was one of the great loves of my life," she said, her eyes veiling themselves in a mist of sadness.

"What was his name?" asked an interested friend.

"I— isn't that strange? I can't remember."

It is not impossible that Georgette Leblanc's reply to such a query would have been the same. And that it would have been as true.

"Will you not tell us unromantic Americans about your *Book of Love*?" Georgette Leblanc looked up with the quick smiling glance that is one of the multitude of charms

of the priestess of love. Among them is the hair of pale gold, soft as spun silk. A *blonde cendre* is Mme. Leblanc. There is a complexion smooth and clear as a baby's. Features? Not of marked regularity. No. Her nose is high of bridge, denoting force, and nearly pointed, betokening discrimination and delicacy. It is a nose that cleaves its way through difficulties. Her mouth is a trifle too



Photo Malzoux

GEORGETTE LEBLANC

Former soul-mate of the famous Belgian poet, who is about to publish a book telling of their spiritual union

large, but atoned for by exceeding amiability. Her eyes are the long ones, half screened by delicate lids—of wisdom. Continuous fires burn behind them. Yet these eyes, wise as Cleopatra's own, have a captivating trick of swiftly opening and of apparent momentary revelation of all their secrets. Apparent revelation! She has a full, youthful throat that bespeaks ardor and tremendous vitality. Her figure, slender, yet full, has the allure the French describe as *fausse maigre*. She wore a graceful charmer's gown, of the same color as her hair, a thing of delicate folds

and soft girdle, and quite without sleeves, that afternoon in the little apartment which she had smartened by gold and silver draperies. But she is answering my question.

"Unromantic Americans! You have not the romance of sex in this country. At least it is not consuming as in Europe. But the romance of achievement! Your air is electric with it. Your high buildings are vocal with it. They seem to me great, lusty infants, these buildings. Infants that stretch their arms to the sky. Aspiration! That is the romance of American life."

"The *Book of Love*?" I persisted.

"It will treat of all the types of love. It will begin with the noblest of all loves, that of the mother for her child. It will have a chapter on young love. You call it 'calf love' in this country? Good! One chapter will deal with transient love, the love which is of the moment. There will be a treatise on conjugal affection. The last chapter will be on spirit love, the one love between the sexes that lasts."

"Will it be biographical?"

"Yes. I shall write out of my soul. It may have some humor worthy the attention of your clever paragraphers. For instance, I shall tell of my own first love. It occurred when I was five years old. The object of my adoration was a big handsome man of thirty-five. I adored him. Until—one fatal day he took me upon his knee and told me a story. He said, 'On my way here I saw something very strange. I saw an ant overturn an omnibus.' I slid from his knee and went away alone and wept. Wept heartbrokenly! In that storm of indignation my love turned to hate. The object of my adoration had committed the unpardonable sin in love. He had made me ridiculous."

"Have you dismissed other suitors for the same reason?"

A glowing, laughing "Yes."

"You will, perhaps, write of your long companionship with Maeterlinck."

"Yes. I shall tell of our spiritual union. Ours was a transcendent love."

I shall write of him as he is, a superb artist, a genius, a great man, and a good one. I shall say that he is still my friend. When I go back to France I may visit him and Mme. Maeterlinck. It is possible that I shall appear in other plays of his. I hope so. It will be a great pleasure. My work in playing *Light* and in directing the production of "*The Blue Bird*" was the greatest joy of my life."

"Is joy so impersonal?"

"Yes. The greatest abiding joy granted to a soul is in good (Continued on page 206)

(Circle)

RUTH DONNELLY

Office rôles seem to have fascination for this Broadway favorite. Not so long ago she was the telephone operator in "Going Up." Now she helps along the fun as the stenographer in "The Meanest Man in the World."



(Below)

ALMA TELL

Still appearing as Annie Laurie Brown in "When We Are Young" on tour, really, Alma, your face and talent deserve a better play. We prefer to remember you as Susan Lennox and also in "The Eyes of Youth"



Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Saucy, demure, breezily vivacious, always delightful in her boyish rôle in "Little Old New York," this charming little actress has been hailed as "a new Maude Adams." It is not so long ago since she was, with her sister, Vivian, one of the Tobin Sisters, and played one of the children with David Warfield in "A Grand Army Man"



(Oval)

ALBERTA BURTON

It was in musical comedy that this personable young actress first attracted attention, when she played the feminine rôle in "La, La, Lucille." Here she appears as the Governor's daughter in "The Tavern." Soon she will be seen in the leading rôle in Frank Bacon's new play, "Five O'Clock"



Photos White

Act I. Marilyn Miller as the little dishwasher, and Leon Errol as the broken down nobleman forced to earn a living, find they have much in common

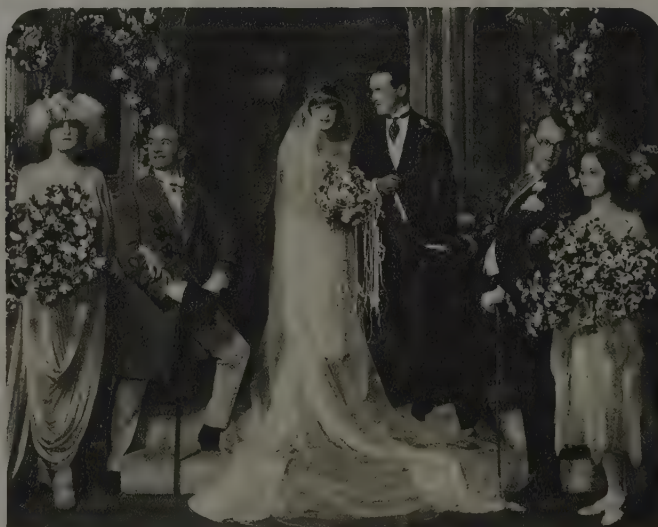


Act II. As Mme. Nookerova, famous Russian dancer, and the Duke of Czechogovinia, Miss Miller and Mr. Errol create a sensation at a fashionable garden party



DOLORES

Statuesque and magnificently gowned



Act III.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

Where three couples, their misunderstandings ended, come to be spliced in holy matrimony. From left to right are Dolores and Leon Errol, Marilyn Miller and Irving Fisher, and Walter Catlett and Mary Hay



MARY HAY

Demure and charming as the dancer's maid

TUNEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL, "SALLY" SCORES AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



Empire. "MARY ROSE." Fantasy in 4 acts by James M. Barrie. Produced Dec. 22 with this cast:

Mrs. Otery	Ada King
Harry	Tom Nesbitt
Mr. Morland	O. B. Clarence
Mrs. Morland	Winifred Fraser
Rev. George Amy	A. S. Homewood
Mary Rose	Ruth Chatterton
Simon Blake	Tom Nesbitt
Cameron	Guy Buckley

THERE are flowers so delicate that they can not stand transplantation from the soil in which they grow. There are eyes so blind, minds so vacuous, they would be incapable of seeing beauty in anything. The American production of Barrie's strange dream drama, "Mary Rose" is a case in point. A tremendous success in London where, to me, it seemed one of the most beautiful and impressive things I have ever seen in the theatre, here it seems to miss fire. Why? Largely, I think, owing to its inferior interpretation, and the mood of the audience. One must be, to a certain degree, receptive oneself, to understand the moods of others, and just now New York's mood is not—well, not exactly spiritual.

They say that Barrie thinks out these fantasies, of which he alone has the trick of writing, sitting in his study, smoking his pipe in front of the fire. In the glowing embers he sees the fairy, elf-like creatures whom he presents as characters in his plays.

"Mary Rose," it has been suggested, is the outcome of the recent widely spread psychological cult, due to the losses in the war. The desire to once more see and talk with one's dead became an obsession in the minds of fathers and mothers all over the world—a hope fostered and encouraged by the scientific reasoning of Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle and other students of psychic phenomena. To their arguments Barrie makes answer in "Mary Rose" and his answer is as cruel as it is obvious. It is that, even though we had the power to bring back our dead, we should not wish to do so.

"Mary Rose," a young girl of

eighteen, soon to be married to an impatient lover, lives happily at home idolized by father and mother. To the fiancé, on the eve of his wedding, the father confides a life-long secret. A strange thing once happened to Mary Rose while they were away, visiting the Hebrides. One day she disappeared, but, after long search, was found on one of the most lonely of the islands—a place regarded with great fear and avoided by the natives who call it "The island which likes to be visited." When the island calls, so runs the legend, none can resist its summons. Mary alone had heard the call and she went. When rescued, she remembers nothing and the incident is gradually forgotten.

But the young man laughs it off and the couple are married. Where shall they go for a wedding trip—to the Hebrides, of course, since Mary Rose dearly loves the island. Act II finds them there. All at once, while they are picnicking, the wind rises and, quite unnoticed by the others, Mary Rose hears the irresistible musical call that bids her leave her companions and come. When the others look around, she has disappeared.

Twenty years pass. Mary Rose has long been given up as dead. Her baby is now a husky soldier. Mother, father, husband have all become old and gray. To them Mary Rose is only a faded memory of the past. One day, Mary Rose returns, still a young, vivacious, laughing girl. The years that have gone, making the others gray and decrepit, have passed her by, not touching her. They stare at the newcomer, not believing the evidence of their own eyes. "Don't you know me?" she pleads tearfully. "I am your Mary Rose." Gradually, they realize it must be she, but they are embarrassed by her inexplicable youth. She is still young, full of the joy of life. They are in their declining years. The ties between them seem broken. Sadly, Mary Rose understands that though she has come back she is really dead—to them.

Like a spirit from another world, for years she haunts the home of her girlhood, searching for her baby, until at last all her relatives are dead. When her soldier son returns from the war, and finds her roaming, ghost-like, through the deserted house, he listens incredulously to her amazing story.

The New York production suffers in that the title rôle is not so well played as in London. Fay Compton, who played the part of Mary Rose in the original production, although an actress of perhaps more than ordinary experience of life, is the embodiment of buoyant, unsophisticated girlhood. Ruth Chatterton, an actress deservedly popular, and with many local successes to her credit, does not quite convey this impression and the illusion suffers.

But go and see "Mary Rose." It is something unusual in the theatre and it will deeply impress those to whom has been vouchsafed the light to understand.

WINTER GARDEN. "PASSING SHOW OF 1921." Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Jean Schwartz. Produced Dec. 29 with these principals:

Marie Dressler	Mellette Sisters
Willie Howard	Tot Qualters
Eugene Howard	W. H. Pringle
Harry Watson	Dolly Hackett
Janet Adair	J. Harold Murray
Ina Haywood	Cleveland Bronner

THE Passing Show' is more than a passing fair. It is a refreshing and spectacular tonic destined to restore the jaded optics of New Yorkers. It is the ninth and best of the passing shows—those Winter Garden revels which feature youth and beauty, enhanced by bizarre costumes, and, like jewels, presented in the most effective settings. This year the girls seem to be less beefy, more graceful, lithe and sprightly than ever before. They have not the manner of many Broadway dancing beauties who, in their becoming fatigue, appear to be telling you reproachfully: "You may be Tired

Business Men, but how about us Tired Chorus Girls?"

In this year's peacocks' Paradise, breast-plates are much in evidence—so are shapely hips and shoulders and backs of langorous beauties who stroll in the parade. Pearls pour their milky cascades over the forms of many of the lovely ladies.

The ever popular runway is crowded this year with nimbly prancing dumpling-dollies, who flaunt their ruffled skirts so close to the country cousins who have seats down front center aisle, that the C. C.'s can sniff the brand of rice powder that the D. D.'s use.

There are the usual travesties of well-known Broadway shows. In burlesquing "Spanish Love," the Passing Show-Them-Ups are a bit inconsistent. The burlesquers jibe at the characters in "Spanish Love" who get chummy with those in the audience by circulating among them, and giving many of their lines from the aisles. They do this by means of a callow youth who goes searching for an elusive brown derby, thus getting all mixed up with the "Spanish Love" leading lady, impersonated by Marie Dressler, who winds up by sitting on the brown derby and its owner. Every one knows it has always been a little trick of the Passing Showites to get themselves acquainted with the front of the house by abandoning the footlights every song number or two.

The 1921 show is in two fulsome acts, and twenty-six scintillating scenes, and is staged by J. C. Huffman. The dialogue and lyrics are by Harold Atteridge, and the music by Jean Schwartz, with "incidental and additional," not accidental, music by Al Goodman and Lew Pollock.

The ever frolicsome Marie Dressler—would it be kind to say, "bigger and better" than usual—the irrepressible mimic, Willie Howard, aided and abetted by Eugene Howard, and Harry Watson, are the more prominent and gleaming stars of the big cast.

BELASCO. "DEBURAU." Play in four acts by Sacha Guitry. Englished by Granville Barker. Produced Dec. 23 with this cast:

Jean Gaspard Deburau	Lionel Atwill
Marie Duplessis	Elsie Mackay
Monsieur Bertrand	Bernard A. Reinold
Robillard	Hubert Druce
Laurent	Joseph Herbert
Laplace	Rowland Buckstone

Justine	Margot Kelly
Madame Rebard	Pauline Merriam
Clara	Marie Bryar
Honorine	Isabel Leighton
Clement	Edmund Gurney
The "Barker"	Sidney Toler
The Money Taker	Helen Reimer
A Journalist	St. Clair Bayfield
Madame Rabouin	Rose Coghlan
Charles Deburau	Morgan Farley
A Doctor	John L. Shine
The Prompter	Fred Bickel

IN our last issue an outline was given of this interesting play by Sacha Guitry, the well-known French actor and dramatist, which Mr. Belasco recently presented on Broadway in his usual lavish, artistic manner. It is not, therefore, necessary to recite again here the pathetic story of the famous mime, who, after delirious moments of public adulation, is brought painfully to realize how evanescent a thing is fame, especially the glory of the actor who struts his little hour, the favorite of a temperamental, fickle public, which may at any moment reverse its thumbs. One disillusion after another poor Pierrot encounters—first an unfortunate love affair, a blow that wrecks his health, then the realization that old age is creeping on, and finally, the loss of his acting powers which results in his being jeered and hooted on the very boards where, only a few months before, he had been idolized.

A familiar enough theme, this, with a dash of "Pagliacci" and a glimpse of "Camille," but old material has been skillfully handled, and the net result is an impressive, appealing play. The actor's dignified demeanor during his moment of triumph, his mental suffering when the tide sets against him, his hot resentment when his son offers to take his place, and, in the end, his quiet resignation to the inevitable—all these varying lights and shades are well and convincingly portrayed. It is the simulacrum of life, and that, after all, is all we ask of the theatre.

There are scenes in the play that vividly impress the imagination—notably that in the first act where the stage shows the interior of the Théâtre des Funambules, with a distinguished audience, including the celebrities of the day, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Chopin and others who have come to applaud the famous Deburau. Only a Hogarth (and Mr. Belasco) could do justice to the marvellous grouping and coloring

of this scene. Another unforgettable stage picture is when Marie Duplessis, Dumas' celebrated Lady with the Camelias, comes, a vision of fragile beauty, at the end of the performance, to lure Deburau from his marital vows. And again, the powerful scene at the end, when the poor, distracted mime, at the end of his strength, falls to his knees, appealing in vain to the jeering, merciless mob.

Lionel Atwill as Deburau gives a careful, consistent, and on the whole, a convincing, agreeable performance. It is not an inspired effort. Only at rare intervals does there flash out anything approaching dramatic fire, and of Pierrot's supposed genius for pantomime, the actor gives no striking proof. It is a terrifically long part, and credit must be given Mr. Atwill for memorizing the blank verse lines and speaking them without a slip—a prodigious feat in itself—but at times his delivery is monotonous. He is reading, not acting.

The part of Marie Duplessis is charmingly acted by Elsie Mackay—Mrs. Atwill in real life—who makes a beautiful stage picture as the unfortunate young courtisan who has caused more tears to flow than any other heroine of the modern stage.

The cast is so long and the work of everyone concerned so meritorious, that it is obviously impossible to do justice to all. Special mention, however, must be made of Rose Coghlan's Madame Rabouin, only a small bit, but delightfully done; Sidney Toler, who got all the humor out of a typical Paris show barker; Margot Kelly, who made a sprightly, charming Columbine, and Morgan Farley, a young actor scarcely out of his 'teens, who played the son, Charles, with all the sympathy and understanding of a veteran.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "SALLY." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Guy Bolton. Lyrics by Clifford Grey. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced Dec. 21 with this cast:

"Pops"	Alfred P. James
Rosalind	Mary Hay
Sacia	Jacques Rebiroff
Otto Hooper	Walter Catlett
Mrs. Ten Broeck	Dolores
Sally	Marilynn Miller
Duke of Czechogovina	Leon Errol
Miss New York	Agatha Debussy
Admiral Travers	Phil Ryley
Blair Farquar	Irving Fisher

Jimmie Spelvin	Stanley Ridges
Alta	Alta King
Betty	Betty Williams
Barbara	Barbara Dean
Vivian	Vivian Vernon
Mary	Mary McDonald
Emily	Emily Drange
Richard Farquar	Frank Kingdon
Billy Porter	Wade Boothie
Harry Burton	Jack Barker

SALLY is gay. She is beautiful as well as tuneful. Unnecessary to add, she is also an unequivocal success. In fact, truth compels the statement that a more brilliant, satisfying and refreshingly entertaining show of its kind has not been seen in these parts in many a moon.

Most musical productions are merely decorative. Sally is that and much more, for, in addition to exquisite Urban settings and costumes as rich and tasteful as any the local stage has seen, there is a tangible plot and of rich humor, plenty. Jerome Kern's music, too, is always delightful, and he has fairly surpassed himself, while Guy Bolton's Cinderella-like book, while travelling familiar paths, has a decided punch. Then there are the principals—Marilynn Miller, that lovely little dancer, long a metropolitan favorite, who in this piece has tip-toed her way to stardom; and Leon Errol, a deliciously droll comedian whose facial contortions and marvellous agility provoked the audience to spasms of laughter for three solid hours.

Marilynn Miller won her place in Broadway's affections as a dancer of rare charm and daintiness. In this piece she proves that she can also sing. It is not a big voice—one would hardly look for that from so frail a frame—but it is a singularly sweet voice, and she manages to get out some high notes. Her acting, too, is surprisingly good.

Leon Errol finds in the dual rôle of the Duke of Czechogovina, compelled by circumstances to be a waiter in a New York lobster palace, a part that suits admirably his particular gift of stage humor. His comedy is spontaneous and quite irresistible, while his acrobatic stunts would put any circus specialist to shame.

The Urban settings are a delight to the eye, the grounds of a palatial Long Island home and the Little Church Around the Corner being particularly beautiful, and there is a spectacular number, the Butterfly Dance at the Ziegfeld Follies, that

for sheer beauty of costuming takes your breath away.

CORT. "TRANSPLANTING JEAN."
Comedy in three acts by de Flers and Caillavet. Produced Jan. 3 with this cast:

Jeanette Aubrin	Winifred Anglin
Jean Bernard	Richard Barbee
Bigoire	George Gaston
Aubrin	Jess Sidney
Catherine	Evelyn Chard
Naima Duval	Margaret Lawrence
Comte de Larzac	Arthur Byron
Charmeul	George Graham
Abbe Jocas	Forrest Robinson
Pierre	Albert Marsh
Madeleine	Katherine Standing
Lucie Ramsey	Olga Lee
Vervier	Hallem Thompson
Madame Melcourt	Kathryn Keys

NOTHING perhaps presents greater difficulties to the American producer than French comedy of sentiment. In the case of melodrama, the process is very simple. The passions of violence, being elementary and common to all peoples, the forces at work are readily recognized and understood. One has only to make the locality New York instead of Paris, and the trick is done. But the more subtle complications of love and marriage cannot be disposed of so easily. The adaptor must either make radical changes, entirely obscuring the meaning of the French author so that the peculiar charm of the original is entirely lost, or else he must retain the whole without attempting any change, and then the philosophy of the play is quite beyond the sympathetic understanding of our audiences, the French and Anglo-Saxon viewpoints on these questions being so entirely different.

The present adaptor has wisely chosen the latter course. The play is as Messrs. De Flers and Caillavet wrote it, and a very charming comedy it is—quite French in its philosophy, flavor and spirit, and with dialogue that sparkles like champagne in every line. The first act is immeasurably the best of the three and the amusing scene in the second act between Arthur Byron, the elderly French *roué* who imagines he has reformed and given up women for all time, and his son, Jean, led one to think that here was a really brilliant play. These expectations, unfortunately, were not realized. The second act does not live up to the promise of the first, and the last act is more disappointing still.

Arthur Byron, who, with Benjamin H. Marshall, has directed and staged the play, also dominates it in the leading rôle. He is thoroughly delightful as the philandering, elderly French boulevardier. Margaret Lawrence, who plays the feminine lead—a part originated here by Martha Hedman—clings to a choppy near-French accent, though every one else in the cast has abandoned the idea of handicapping themselves in this way. Otherwise, she is as vivacious and maliciously mischievous as ever.

Richard Barbee, as Jean, the illegitimate son, makes little of an important rôle. However, cast as a young lad lacking the social elegances, he proves an excellent foil for the polished Arthur Byron. Forrest Robinson, as the tolerant Abbé, in a minor rôle, distinguishes himself in it.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA." Extravaganza in three acts by John Gay. Revived Dec. 27 with this cast:

Peachum	Arthur Wynn
Lockit	Charles Magrath
Macheath	Percy Heming
Filch	Alfred Heather
The Beggar	William Eville
Drawer	C. C. Lewis
Mrs. Peachum	Lena Maitland
Polly Peachum	Sylvia Nelis
Lucy Loc'it	Dora Roselli
Jenny Diver	Nonny Lock
Diana Trapes	Edith Bartlett

THE discriminating person who goes to see and hear "The Beggar's Opera," without knowing before hand anything about it except that it is a revival of an old play, will get a good evening's entertainment; while the one who goes with full knowledge of its history is in for some rare pleasure.

The amazing thing about it all is that the story, even though told in language that has been somewhat modified to suit sensitive modern taste, should be almost as pointed in its satire on things of today, as when it was written two centuries ago; and that the music, skilfully treated and arranged by Mr. Frederic Austin, should retain for the modern ear all the spontaneity, charm and vital beauty that it ever possessed.

It is an achievement distinctly worth while on the part of Mr. Arthur Hopkins to have brought

over the English company that has been playing the piece in London for six months, thereby giving New Yorkers of today the chance to enjoy a celebrated classic for the great intrinsic merit which it contains.

The company of players contains no stars, but each member is adequate to his or her part, and in some cases, the work is of superior excellence. Sylvia Nelis in the part of Polly is a delight to the eye, and her singing, the best of any in the company, is a charm to the ear. Her voice, not large, but sweet and clear is well suited to the best rendition of the music.

Lena Maitland gives a delicious performance of Mrs. Peachum, and looks as if she had stepped out of one of the old pictures giving scenes from the opera. She is ably seconded by Arthur Wynn as Peachum, and their talks over Polly's affairs are very funny.

Macheath is played with any amount of humor and sang-froid by Percy Heming, who sings his music with discretion, if not always with the best tonal results.

The other members contribute to a satisfactory ensemble, and there are some splendid choruses, sung in a manner which would put to shame any chorus in any musical comedy now extant on Broadway or its environs. There is a small, but efficient, orchestra, well-conducted by Mr. John Mundy; and the settings, extremely simple though they are, are sufficient in identifying the scenes of the play.

LYRIC. "HER FAMILY TREE."
Fantastic play in two acts. Lyrics and music by Seymour Simons. Book by Al Weeks and "Bugs" Baer. Produced Dec. 27 with these principals:

Nora Bayes	Julius Tannen
Al. Roberts	Frank Morgan
Florence Morrison	Una Fleming
Thelma Carlton	Alan Edwards
Jerome Bruner	Tom Bryan
Randall Sisters	Donald Sawyer
Margarite Daniels	Henriette Wilson

NORA Bayes is entertaining a crowd of her friends at a party on the roof of her Riverside Drive home, and the talk happens to light on the subject of pasts. Not, however, the near pasts of the present existence, but the farther removed periods of by-gone ages and

previous incarnations. "Ouija" is consulted as to how to learn the truth about these things and recommends a visit to Scrya, a seeress who lives "around the corner." Julius Tannen, one of the guests, taking the matter seriously, decides to visit the crystal-gazer and find out who Nora and his other friends were and what they did in their former visits to earth. What he learns during his visit forms the basis of "Her Family Tree," a fantastic play with music in which Miss Bayes has come to the Lyric Theatre.

It is an elaborate affair in two acts and eleven scenes, rich in opportunities for Miss Bayes and her friends, of which they are not slow to take advantage. There is a scene of broad burlesque in the redwoods of California, which is good fun, and another in the courtyard of a medieval castle in the days when Knights were busy, which runs it a close second; there are others, as that in the Georgian garden in England, where the mood is serious—verges on the tragic—and where Miss Bayes scores in an entirely different class of work from what one is accustomed to in her.

Taken altogether, it is a lavish entertainment, too lavish in amount. The scenes are beautiful, the costumes rich, appropriate, and always well within the limits of fine taste. The fun is clean, but in some cases, as for instance, Mr. Tannen's monologues, it palls on the taste, like too much caviar. Notably good work is done by a number of the principals, including Al Roberts, Frank Morgan, Alan Edwards and Florence Morrison; while Tom Bryan, Una Fleming and some others offer some charming dances.

The mainspring of the whole show is, of course, Nora Bayes, herself. She is a host and we like her much, excepting only when she takes the roof off her voice as in the song, *Why Worry*. She is infinitely more to our taste in her singing of *Where Tomorrow's Begin*.

BELMONT. "MISS LULU BETT."
Comedy in three acts by Zona Gale. Produced Dec. 27 with this cast:

Monona Deacon	Lois Shore
Dwight Deacon	William E. Holden
Ina Deacon	Catherine Calhoun Doucet
Lulu Bett	Carroll McComas
Bobby Larkin	Jack Bohn

Mrs. Bett
Diana Deacon
Neil Cornish
Ninian Deacon

Louise Closser Hale
Beth Varden
Willard Robertson
Brigham Royce

THE principal weakness of Zona Gale's dramatization of her own novel, "Miss Lulu Bett," is that it is undramatic. There is a threadbare story, which in the book, probably was effective with the class of readers that enjoys homespun fiction. But that is not the class which patronizes in large numbers the theatre wherein you see and hear living actors. As a rule, it prefers the "movies."

So, Lulu Bett, the drudge, who is accidentally married to a man by an old stage trick hardly worthy of a serious play, becomes inexpressibly tiresome before the end, while the daily life of an uninteresting family, round which revolves most of the action, hardly offers an excuse for the two acts in which we see them. The third act is negligible.

For the benefit of those who may not have read the novel, let it be stated that, a month after marriage, Lulu learns that her husband has been married before, and also that the first wife is not dead. So she comes back to be the slavey in her brother-in-law's home—until she cannot stand it any longer. Then she listens to the wooing of Neil Cornish, a struggling music store keeper, but eventually is reunited to her husband.

An excellent cast and a particularly good setting of the second act—the porch of the Deacon's home in a country town, with real clapboards—redeem the general ineptitude of this "comedy of manners," as the program calls it. Carroll McComas is effective as Lulu, although one wishes she were not so insistently a "boob," and, of course, Louise Closser Hale contributes a gem to the setting with her rendering of the grandmother, Mrs. Bett. The one spontaneous laugh on the opening night came when she placed her finger on the back of the priggish, selfish Dwight Deacon—well done by William E. Holden—and spat out "Cockroach!"

The best work, however, is done by Lois Shore, as the seven-year-old Monona. Without any of the precocious offensiveness of the average child actress, this little girl is the most natural *enfant terrible* seen behind the footlights for years.

(Continued on page 222)

CARROLL MCCOMAS IN
"MISS LULU BETT," AT
THE BELMONT

Carroll McComas, so often seen as pretty heroines, beautifully gowned, demonstrates in this piece that she can be equally effective in less decorative rôles. As Lulu, the household drudge of a commonplace family, she is a bright spot in a rather dull play.



A. P. Kaye

Grant Mitchell (back centre)

Arthur Elliott

White

SCENE IN "THE CHAMPION" AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE.

Farical comedy of the returning prodigal, which brings Grant Mitchell back to Broadway. Although a sedate and horned father does not slay the fatted calf for his prize fighting son, the Champion does not return to his English home town unwelcomed. The Mayor, himself, greets him, and a committee of prominent citizens leads him off to a banquet in his honor, while his amazed family can only gasp.



Fairchild

"TRANSPLANTING JEAN"—
WITTY FRENCH COMEDY
AT THE CORT.

When a philandering bachelor suddenly decides to reform and settle down as the protecting father of his unrecognized son, many amusing things can happen. As an expert in love, he can try to straighten out his son's love affair, only, himself, to become considerably tangled up. All this happens in "Transplanting Jean."



Richard Barbee

Arthur Byron

Margaret Lawrence

LAUGHTER IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN PLAYS

SYNTHETIC DRAMA - NEW ART OF THE STAGE

Music, art and literature combined in a rhythmic whole

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG



ONE of the most unique and interesting developments of the modern theatre is the work of Maxwell Armfield, the well-known English designer and painter, and his talented wife, Constance Smedley, who have evolved an entirely new form of drama.

For the last twelve years, Mr. and Mrs. Armfield have presented in England and America, before the most unlettered audiences as well as the most sophisticated and cultured, a series of synthetic plays which combine the motion of the continuous dance with the music of words and definite color progression, all having their own distinct parts in completing the rhythmic whole. "Synthetic drama," they call it because they combine music, art, and literature into a harmonious unit, each expressing the unfolding idea with equal effectiveness.

After appearing at various colleges and universities throughout the country, Mr. and Mrs. Armfield completed a course of lectures at Columbia University. They also gave an exhibit at the Macdowell Galleries in Fifty-fifth Street, and their rhythmic production of "A Winter's Tale," tinged with the spirit of Greek drama in its use of elevated stages, of colorful costumes and the insistence on rhythm in word and music, was recently seen on Broadway at special matinee performances at the Little Theatre.

What is this new art? Of their ambitious work, "Miriam," a five-act drama, written for the synthetic method and produced at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley, recently, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, the *Daily Californian* says:

"'Miriam, Sister of Moses,' was more than a 'drama.' Its elements of music, color, pageantry, sensuous grace, and awesome austerity counted for too much in themselves. 'Miriam' is a sacrament, an act of religion; it is also a work of art of breathless beauty; it is music, sweetly mingling the mental and emotional with the spiritual; it is blazing color astounding the eye until even black and white come crashing upon the senses like a revelation in the thunder and in the lightning, and over all rolls the mighty, sonorous voice of the Pentateuch.

"Mr. and Mrs. Armfield, the dramatists, made wonderful use of the mighty lines of Exodus, and the action moves steadily, powerfully, and, indeed, with all its majesty, rapidly, to the inescapable and adequate culmination of real tragedy. For the play

is, in the highest sense, a great tragedy, but the miracle was accomplished of giving to tragedy, without cheapening it, the "happy ending" which the modern mind most indubitably demands, and which the tragedian is almost always unable to compass without prostituting his art . . .

"The decoration reaches a climax intellectually in the bold conception of the tabernacle, but the use of pure color goes on to the end."



Symbolistic costume designed by Maxwell Armfield for Hermione in "A Winter's Tale." The squares on the gown show the formality of the court as opposed to the pastoral scenes.

This tremendous work will be seen in New York some time next season. Negotiations looking to making the production at a Broadway theatre are now pending.

The method followed by the Armfields is very simple. They take a play based on an old French Troubadour *chanson-de-geste*, for example, which needs to be presented attractively to win appreciation, and by working it into a rhythmic whole, with every movement, word and color simplified to fit into a balanced form, give the production a charm which is quite distinct.

"We select the speaking voices as one would

singers," said Mr. Armfield, "with soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, so that they are modulated and delightful to the ear. When the action throughout the play is rapid we bring out contrast by finding one character whose movements create a definite pool of slowness about him.

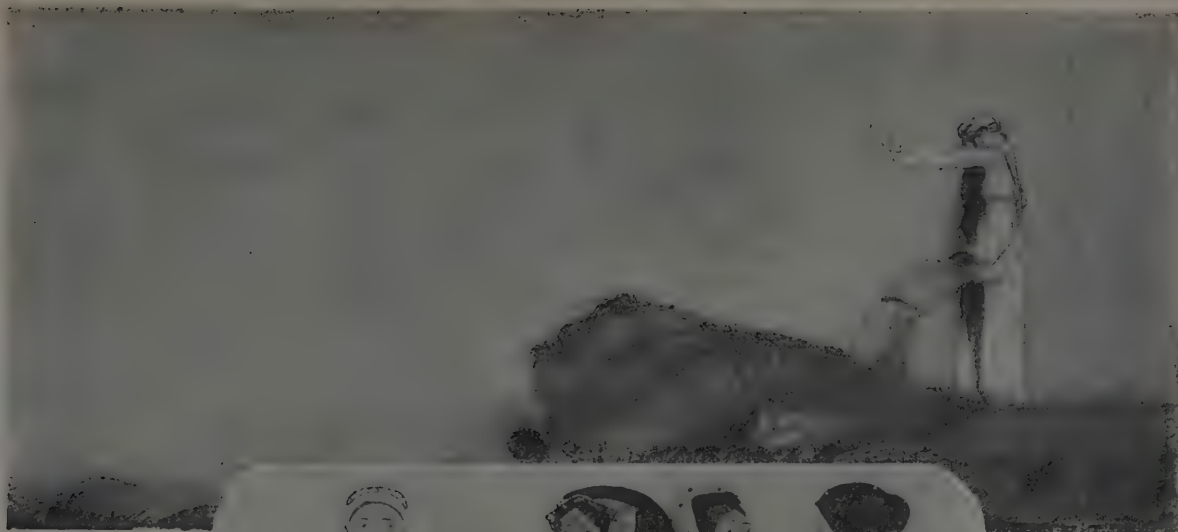
"What distinguishes the work of the Synthetic artist from that of others is that in his case, each movement, sound or color on the stage is playing a definite and individual part in the expression of the subject. Nothing is redundant, nothing is irrelevant, nothing is an end in itself. Red, for instance, is not in a costume because the author likes red, but because red is a part of his tool chest and says something at some point in the drama which cannot be conveyed to the audience by a note of music or a side-long glance of the eye,

"The blond young lady wears blue, not because it suits her, but because blue is necessary to the author, and if he does not require blond hair, her 'crowning glory' must submit to a wig. Nothing, in fact, is either good nor bad, but the thinking of the author makes it so.

"In our conception of study the student does not attempt the expression of emotion until he has thoroughly analysed and understood it. The synthetic dramatist or producer arranges his material so that when accurately performed the emotion is automatically aroused in the audience. If he is a master craftsman he will not leave so important a matter to the chance ability of the actor.

"There ceases to be any 'natural movement,' in any case a ridiculous term. A movement is either relevant or not. Whilst art sometimes aims at giving an impression of nature, art itself is always and necessarily artificial, or it would not be itself, but life.

"Miss Dorothy Johnston, who gives a synthetic interpretation of my recital, 'The Eastern Gate,' has been traveling with it through the West. It is the first synthetic recital presented in this country. The visual appeal and the audible appeal, in speech, music and song, instrumentation and composition, prose and verse, are all on a unified basis, and the color sequences, the background, and the underlying ideas are also unified. I predict that the day will come when the ennobling ideas, the mental attitude to life of the synthetic dramatist will be found to be the determining factor in the production of satisfying, worthwhile art."



Katherine Parr and her ladies in Pre-Elizabethan costumes designed by Maxwell Armfield for his synthetic play, "The King's Progress."



Typical synthetic setting for "Miriam, Sister of Moses," a synthetic drama written by Maxwell Armfield and produced recently at the University of California, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. This work will be seen in New York next season

MIRIAM, Sister of Moses, is seen here in her synthetic costume designed by Maxwell Armfield. The robe, full of Hebrew symbolism, is purple, indicative of royal descent, with scarlet purification flames and white spirals, suggestive of the sacred dance. The Israelites are seen coming up



from the Red Sea. Miriam prophesies the defeat of the Egyptians. Troubles in camp, however, begin. Miriam, infuriated at the disobedience of Israel's leaders, herself assembles the women and children, and at their head revives all with her dance, and leads them out into the Wilderness

SYNTHETIC DRAMA—A SPECTACLE OF MUSIC, COLOR AND PAGEANTRY

THE COME-BACK OF THE MALE STAR

Actresses have long held the center of the stage, but men are now in favor

By HELEN TEN BROECK



IT is always interesting to know how closely Art, smiling and beautiful, is related to Science, the cold-eyed and calm. At the present moment, while astronomers are announcing newly measured orbits and newly computed dimensions for the greater planets, those lovers of art who search the theatrial skies, and study the constellations of the stage are discovering new arrangements, new adjustments of the stars whose brilliance glows in the dramatic firmament. The question of sex looms large to-day in the discussions of that breath-taking Betelgeuse long listed as a *star* under the feminine sign like Venus, and the chaste Luna, and in the theatrical heavens a significant sex adjustment also challenges attention.

Indisputably, the golden age of our stage was that period to which our parents and grandparents look back with fond recollection—that Victorian time of the '70's and '80's when Edwin Forrest, the elder Booths, E. L. Davenport, Wallack and a half hundred other male stars lit the dramatic heavens with their genius, almost to the exclusion of the feminine star, although Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Davenport and the light hearted Lotta were in their zenith. Belasco effects, futurist scenery, and Bakst eccentricities of color and form were lacking in those days, but what the great Siddons called "bare boards and a passion" carried our grandparents into dazzling fields of fancy when these great stars cast the spell of their art over the flickering, gas-lit stage.

SURELY the dramatic heavens were "throbbing and panting with stars," mostly males, when Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Lester Wallack, Frank Mayo, W. J. Florence, John T. Raymond, John McCullough, Stuart Robson, Richard Mansfield, W. H. Crane (now almost sole survivor of the grand galaxy), Nat C. Goodwin, Joseph Jefferson, James O'Neill and their glorious brothers were writing their names in star-fire across the sky. And then appeared upon the horizon a cloud—to drop the starry metaphor—the size and the shape of a woman's hand.

A new tradition of the drama was constructed with the actress to guard it—the actress to carry it on. One need not discount the work of our inimitable John Drew, of William Gillette, of Francis Wilson, of De Wolf Hopper, of William Hodge, of Leo Ditrichstein, of Dustin Farnum, of William Faversham, of E. H. Sothern, or any of our stars of the day that bridged this yesterday, with the present now, to say that the greater glory of the stage belonged to sister stars. A public taste that has permitted the absence from the footlights of several of these stars for entire seasons, that has compelled our most gifted and scholarly Sothern to depend upon the charm of Virginia Harned, the pop-

ularity of Julia Marlowe as twin stars to strengthen his hold upon the public heart—such a public taste is not without its significance. David Warfield, to be sure, George M. Cohan, Fred Stone and Raymond Hitchcock have been sure of a welcome year after year, but the list of men whose names have glowed in letters of light above the doors of our playhouses is a short one in comparison with the list of women stars.

What man has contributed, within the memory of to-days theatregoer, such breath-taking moments to the stage as Mrs. Fiske in "Tess"? As Leslie Carter in that unforgettable moment when the tumbler bore her to execution in "DuBarry"? As Blanche Bates in her poignant climaxes in "The Darling of the Gods"? As Margaret Anglin who challenged even Henry Miller's gripping art in "The Great Divide" and "The Only Way"?

WHAT actor has filled a niche like that of Maude Adams? What actor—until the sweep of the stars brought John Barrymore into his own, has given us moments like that heart-suspending instant of awe in "Mid Channel," that first set Ethel Barrymore securely among the stars? What comedian has touched the gay pipes of Pan to such tones of mirth as our own May Irwin? Our own Elsie Janis? Our own roguish Billie Burke? Our Ina Claire? Our Blanche Ring? Where shall we match the glow of Grace George's provocative art, the all-intriguing charm of Laurette Taylor, the lambent lustre of Frances Starr's bright ray, the art of Rose Coghlan, of Amelia Bingham? Who is a star if Helen Ware isn't or Lenore Ulric, or Marie Doro, or Irene Fenwick, or Margaret Wycherly or Jane Cowl? Who can forget the glow of Viola Allen's art or Mary Mannering's, or gentle Annie Russell's, Edna May's, or Fay Templeton's? Extend the feminine catalogue through a hundred shining names—it is still unexhausted.

But search the sky to-day! Betelgeuse has assumed his rightful place in the higher celestial ethers and lo! A shadow the size and shape of a man's hand—a MAN'S hand, now appears in the dramatic heaven, and the star masculine rises effulgently into his own again.

DAVID WARFIELD, whose gleam has never wavered nor suffered eclipse, and Frank Bacon started the star shower with record breaking runs. Mr. Bacon—lovable old "Lightnin'," having achieved the impossible and started, on a third year in one theatre in an unbroken New York engagement. Managers were quick to read the message and other male stars swung into view, stars newly discovered, or stars who had suffered like Francis Wilson, Holbrook Blinn, Arnold Daly and De Wolf Hopper a temporary and re-

gretted eclipse. To be sure the brightest of the younger star actors, John Barrymore, has not yet taken his place in the constellation, nor is John Drew glowing in mid-heaven. Neither has William Gillette arisen on the immediate horizon, but the number of masculine stars charted upon the bright arch of the dramatic sky suggests a challenge by Mercury and Jupiter, by glowing Mars and tragically darkling Saturn, to Venus and her hundred sisters. Count the feminine stars at present on view in New York: Mrs. Fiske, and Ruth Chatterton, Mitzi, Margaret Anglin, Madge Kennedy, Nora Bayes, Gilda Varesi and Marilyn Miller, new luminaries glowing with fine radiance in well won orbits, Helen Ware and Florence Reed, Patricia Collinge and Helen Hayes. Against this list place the names of William Faversham, George M. Cohan, who is like no other star in unique glory, George Herbert, Frank Craven, Raymond Hitchcock, the always effulgent Fred Stone, Grant Mitchell, the temperamental Ben Ami, Roland Young, Fritz Lieber shining in the Shakesperian orbit, Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, Holbrook Blinn, Arnold Daly, Henry Hull, Leo Ditrichstein, George Arliss, William Hodge, Frank Tinney, Arthur Byron, Maclyn Arbuckle, Leon Errol, Robert Warwick, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Willie and Eugene Howard with E. H. Sothern, William Gillette and Al Jolson awaiting their hour to rise and again shine on Broadway.

The come-back of the male star so long in eclipse is startling. It must have a reason. Let's question Lee Shubert, who is supposed to swing a powerful lens athwart the dramatic sky.

THIS is the 'open season' for male stars," said Mr. Shubert, caught in his theatrical observatory for a moment, "because the public is tired at last of the drama that exploits only the feminine idea. Macbeth has nudged Lady Beth off the scene, and the problems of 'The Master Builder' have supplanted those of Hedda Gabler and Nora. I am presenting at the present time no less than eleven male stars as against four of recent seasons. This does not indicate that feminine stars have lost their appeal—far from it. But it does show a decided shifting of public interest to a new point of view."

The searching eye of Arthur Hopkins early desisted the pale dawn of the masculine star. It was Mr. Hopkins who charted the orbit of John Barrymore as a Shakesperian luminary and gave Lionel of that bright ilk a place in mid-heaven.

"Why the male star just now?" I asked Mr. Hopkins. The manager waved his arm in a wide gesture. "There's an astronomical tradition that managers create these luminaries of the drama," he said, "or that they spring out of the (Continued on page 210)"

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



THE OVERWHELMING CLIMAX OF THAT AMAZING FILM, "PASSION"

This remarkable picture came to Broadway via Germany and broke all records in the Capitol Theatre. We see DuBarry struggling with her captors in her last moments before being executed on the guillotine



POLA NEGRI

This actress who plays DuBarry in "Passion" is the perfect type of the pretty provincial child of destiny with a face "astonished at everything" as portrayed by Leon Gozlan

LOVE AND REVOLUTION IN HISTORIC PHOTOPLAY

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH



MOST months in the screen year jog contentedly along without any spectacular triumphs or conspicuously disastrous failures. Occasionally, however, a date will occur on the calendar which deserves to be illumined in the gayest and most festive red letters. This happens to be one of those flaming months and the picture which sets it apart was sent to us from overseas under the hectic title of, "Passion."

The name has been criticised as a mere box-office lure; "it is not a sex play," these critics insist, "why, then, should it have such a title?"

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why "Passion" should have such a connotation. Its meaning is by no means confined to an erotic sense. In our opinion, it fits the film perfectly. It is the story of the little milliner once known as Jeanne Vaubernier and of the glory that was the Comtesse DuBarry and the grandeur that was Louis XV—before the deluge. Its theme omits none of the seven deadly passions including avarice, jealousy, pride, mounting hatred and finally (but by no means incidentally), the way of a King with a milliner.

IT is a German film with many of the scenes taken in the Potsdam Palace, according to a persistent rumor. It was directed by Emil Subitch. A most interesting contrast is offered in this obviously foreign direction so different from our own. It has given a wider sweep to the story, made it more ruthless, less *intime* than the similar theme done by our directors. The cast is as nearly perfect as anything can be in this vale of imperfections. It is headed by Pola Negri, who is a perfect type of the legendary DuBarry. She is all we have imagined of the pretty provincial child of destiny with a face "astonished at everything," as portrayed by Leon Gozlan. Her dominance of the screen, however, is through the importance of her rôle and not through any marked superiority over the other players. For they are all amazingly real, from the greedy, fatuous King, himself, to the little page who held the train of the enthroned DuBarry.

ALMOST any other picture appearing close to this release, has something of the nature of an anti-climax. There is, however, one other film which had the benefit of fully as much advertising as "Passion" and excited almost as much comment in favor and condemnation. This was the new production of William DeMille called, "Midsummer Madness." It is a most elaborate production, thickly encrusted with jewels, fine feathers and sparkling movie repartee, a dazzling version of the eternal triangle. For it has the fatally persistent theme of the man who elopes with his best friend's wife, to the confusion and disarrangement of his own household. In its development, Mr. William DeMille has adopted the general style of his brother, Cecil, which means, of course, that the film is nothing if not lavish. In his work he had the assistance of a most unusual cast which included Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee and Jack Holt.

THE Girl With the Jazz Heart," which brings Madge Kennedy back to the screen after several months of absence, is all its name implies. It is mostly jazz but such clever and invigorating jazz that your ears are not assailed by it as in the cruder forms of syncopation. Moreover, it gives us Madge Kennedy in a dual rôle, and if one character played by this ingratiating young actress is good, two are just that much better.

She plays a young Quaker maiden with a "thee and thou" manner and also a gum-chewing, ragging telephone operator who changes places with her in order to capture a young oil-king and his fortune. Of course, the oil-king prefers the pretty Puritan and the grudge of the switch-board contents herself with a dancing partner, who, in her own words, is "nearer her speed." It is not a strikingly original theme, but it has been developed in a manner that is new enough to be refreshing. There is real characterization in the drawing of the two girls, especially in their speech as represented by the very snappy sub-titles. And, there is always Madge Kennedy, who is a joy to watch in every rôle and situation. It is interesting to record that while she was playing these two rôles on the screen, she was appearing at the Astor Theatre also as two different women, making a record-breaking total of four personalities at once.

ANOTHER amusing and swiftly moving comedy has been made from the cheerful tale of "The Charm School." Alice Duer Miller, who is responsible for the plot, must understand charm perfectly, for she has given us an idea in which that elusive quality has survived through pages of fiction, a stage drama and finally a screen version in five reels.

Wallace Reid is the hero. If a film fan were to be asked off-hand what star he would select as the too handsome principal of a girl's boarding school, the name of this reliable matinée idol would spring into his mind automatically. Probably, you have read the story or perhaps you saw it on the stage; at any rate, the story is too well-known to bear repetition. The main situation is the dilemma of an arrow-collar type of young American who suddenly finds that a select seminary of young ladies has been willed to him by an aunt with a taste for irony. The sentimental complications which develop are inevitable especially with the impressionable girls who insist on taking literally the admonitions to love their teacher. The greatest difficulty of all comes in the teacher's own susceptibility; he succumbs to the huge brown eyes of the naughtiest pupil and the experiment in pedagogy ends in an old-fashioned matrimonial fade-out.

ONE of the most interesting films of the month is remarkable less because of its own merits than because it is peculiarly a story of a woman's character written and directed by a woman. "Too Please One Woman" is almost entirely the work of Lois Weber, the most prominent woman director in the field. With this advantage on her side, her deductions may be received with more tolerance than if a man had made them. Her story is the study of an "unchastened woman" who has gone through life with a blissful belief that no man (especially no husband) has rights which she is bound to respect.

During her brief sojourn in a country village, she brings unlimited suffering to all who meet her, especially to the blonde ingenue and it is only a bolt from the blue that saves her victims and restores them to a happy final scene.

The piece is quite obviously old-fashioned marital melodrama but it has scenes of great skill and originality in development. Mrs. Weber's picture of a school picnic, for instance, is one of the most spontaneous and colorful episodes we have seen on the screen. Her work with the actors is also as restrained as her somewhat hectic plot will permit. They are for the most part adequate players, especially the sinuous enchantress, with the cryptic name of "Mona Lisa."



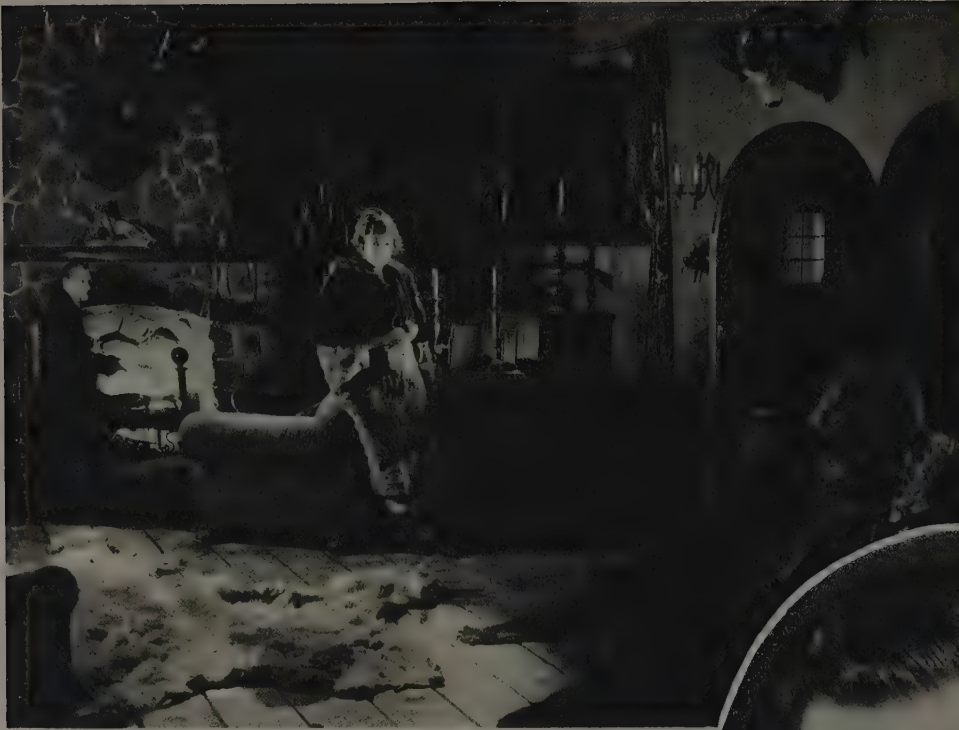
MAE MURRAY IN
"THE GILDED LILY"

When the action of a picture lags, Mae Murray does not have to fight for time—she dances. Here we see her posed before a vase of wisteria although her picture is called "The Gilded Lily"

SCENE IN
"TO PLEASE ONE
WOMAN"

One woman's idea of how another woman would beguile a man. This picture shows Mona Lisa, the vampire, plying her fatal arts on the young doctor





SCENE IN
"MIDSUMER MAD-
NESS," A NEW DE
MILLE PICTURE

A crisis in the matri-
monial tangle. Conrad
Nagel, the blonde vil-
lain, is just beginning to
feel remorse at eloping
with his best friend's
wife



Photo Hoover Art Co.

WALLACE REID

The only male star we know
who can wear a sport shirt
and get away with it. Note
the quizzical eyebrows! They
take the curse off the soft
collar. Mr. Reid is preparing
to make up for "The Charm
School"



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "THE SIN THAT WAS HIS"

A poignant story of crime and repentance. Mr. Faversham is here shown standing beside
the prostrate figure of the priest whose identity he has stolen. The keynote of the story
is in the crucifix above the bed

DRAMA AND DOMESTIC TANGLE IN NEW PICTURES

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Objection has been made in many quarters to the term "amateur," as indicating crudity, but, applied to this Department, it deals with the dilettante of the stage—art lovers, as distinguished from commercial producers

By M. E. KEHOE

THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

ONE of the oldest and most notable organizations devoted to the presentation of dramatic art in its many phases is "Cap & Bells," The Williams College Dramatic Club.

This club was organized in 1872 and from humble beginnings has become a factor of importance in college dramatics.

Throughout its long and varied career of 48 years "Cap & Bells" has presented plays representing the gamut of dramatic literature and theatrical effectiveness.

Its beginning was modest. The usual one-act farce or comedieta followed at intervals with more pretentious offering was primarily for home consumption. Happily such humble beginnings met the approval of a responsive and appreciative faculty and in due time more ambitious and worthier plays were presented.

An equally interested and generous alumni paved the way for modest tours to nearby cities and towns. These adventuresome and interesting trips were productive of renewed effort and marked enthusiasm inasmuch as a special department was organized for the building and construction of scenery and the employment, by competition, of student artists for the painting thereof.

In the staging of the plays, in the earlier years of "Cap & Bells," the accomplishment was made entirely through student effort and supervision by the faculty. When the vacation tours became standardized and a keener and more subtle choice of plays developed it was found necessary and expedient to call for the services of professional coaches. Under their careful direction and tuition the odium of amateurism—the bugbear of the stage was alienated.

THE English Department was not slow in recognizing so worthy an organization and its coöperation was spontaneous, for in many instances a worthy play which has passed comment and muster in the class-room was given vitality and dramatic effectiveness as presented by "Cap & Bells."

The result of the semi-annual tours of the club to all the large cities of the East met with artistic as well as financial success, and in a few years a reserve fund was created which enabled the organization to delve freely into more ambitious and worthier projects.

At this stage the Trustees of Williams College, keenly alive to the growing importance of the Drama and its exposition by "Cap & Bells," voted annually a sum of money for the presentation of a play which met the approval of the English Department, to be presented yearly on Decoration Day and as a part of the Commencement exercises in June.

Successively many classical dramas, interspersed with standard and modern offerings,

Two distinct types of college plays, in which the Princeton Triangle Club's all-amateur-effort, "They Never Come Back," and the Williams College Dramatic Club's artistic revival of "Beau Stratagem," bring new laurels to both institutions

were produced. In a long array of representative plays, "The Alchemist"; "Doctor Faustus"; "The School for Scandal"; "The Critic"; "The Jew of Malta"; a series of Irish plays and "Twelfth Night" were worthy examples.

The presentation of "Twelfth Night" was notably effective and met the heartiest commendation from the faculty, alumni and its audience. The excellence of this production was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Albert Lang, who made his initial appearance as coach for the Williams College Club. His long and varied experience on the legitimate stage as director of successful New York productions eminently fitted him as a master of his calling, and by his careful painstaking work "Cap & Bells" rose to a plane of dramatic effectiveness and worth enjoyed by few other college clubs.

THE present offering, "The Beaux Stratagem," first produced in London in 1707 is a noteworthy example of Mr. Lang's efforts. When first suggested by the English Department and later endorsed by "Cap & Bells" a glance at the play made doubtful the possibility of a successful revival. Of the Restoration period, when license of speech illy contrasts with our present-day sense of propriety, the Club hesitated at the tentative selection. But the keener sense of the faculty was not misplaced for, in the hands of Mr. Lang, the play was judiciously expurgated. Also, through a series of interpolations which came from the days of David Garrick and other notable representations, as well as innovations employed by the Old Park Theatre, New York, in 1841, the play took on a fresh lease of life.

Its ultimate presentation with the employment of a unique device in the way of scenery for its several scenes were hailed with delight by crowded houses on the club's recent Christmas trip.

The old play surcharged with a mass of "business" and movement—its characters dressed in the period of tiewig and square cut coat; of sword and buckler—has evoked

unusual attention from many of the faculty of other universities and it has served to open up a mine of potential dramatic wealth in many other forgotten plays of the Restoration and later periods of English drama.

In short, many commendatory expressions of pleasure and delight received by the management and by the English Department of Williams College has promptly encouraged the Club to develop this rich field of old English plays and exploit more of the hidden treasures.

For wisely has that master mind declared, "The Play's the thing."

THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB

THE musical farce which is this year's offering of the Triangle Club of Princeton University is perhaps particularly interesting to followers of amateur theatricals because it is an all-amateur effort to the very 7th degree. A number of shows have been produced in the past by this now venerable organization which laid well-founded claim to a noteworthy freedom from professionalism, but none which could boast as can this production of complete originality from start to finish.

That phrase "originality from start to finish" has been the motif which has guided every hand having a part in the preparation of "They Never Come Back," the name to which the 1920 show answers. Student monopoly has extended for the first time this year to the designing and actual construction of the scenery and the conception and execution of every lighting effect used, both of which departments have been handled not only creditably but with distinction, for there are several stage pictures to be seen in the show which are a real treat. Every appliance in use by the electricians and stage hands has been made by undergraduate hands.

While treating the matter of scenic investiture, a feature which has incidentally made one of the important contributions to the popularity of the piece, another rather uncommon characteristic of "They Never Come Back" deserves mention: the fact that everything seen on the stage is not only artistically effective but archeologically correct. The costumes of the Inca-warriors are authentic reproductions, the details of the great Indian shrine is authoritative in the same sense. And, although it is a mere musical comedy of which we are speaking, it has furnished opportunity to its producers for practical application of a great variety of branches of training, from the study of old Japanese prints inspiring the costumes used in a particular song, to simple instruction in how to use a sponge on a backdrop. Whether or not this consideration has made the show any more interesting to one-night stand audiences, it will, (Continue on page 216)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES



WHILE marionettes have delighted old world audiences these many years, few American communities have seriously considered this type of dramatics until quite lately. Now it is coming, and coming fast. People like it. Even High School boys and girls can make the puppets and give the plays.

The Recreational Department of the Boston School Committee has recently held a recreational school which included a demonstration of marionettes by Oliver Larkin of Harvard College and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Precise details of the making of the puppets were given by Mr. Larkin, for, as Tony Sarg says, "Puppets are just the same as children. They can't just born themselves any more than a child can. They have to have parents and Uncles and Aunts and all that." Tony Sarg, by the way, doubtless has a good deal to do with this renaissance of the marionettes. Mr. Larkin's little plays in Boston, with his workmanlike exposition of the mechanical end, were enthusiastically received. At the school, Miss Joy Higgins, head of the New England Department of Community Service Dramatics, explained and demonstrated spontaneous dramatics with pantomime. Pantomime, too, is only recently coming into its own in community dramatics.

* * *

THE recreation classes secured the gymnasium of the Boston Normal School for these demonstrations of amateur dramatics, which ran ten days to crowded houses. In addition to the presentations of the marionettes and to the exposition of the technique of pantomime, the subject of story play acting and of folk dancing were developed.

The faculty included persons of considerable note: Miss Priscilla Ordway, and Miss Elsie McElaney of Lincoln House; Miss Edna Grau of the Boston School of Physical Education; Mrs. Richard K. Conant, official representative in America of Cecil Sharpe; Mr. Larkin and Miss Higgins.

Recruits were brought to the school in large numbers by circulars that went to the stores, factories, churches, Sunday schools, fraternal organizations, industrial unions, women's clubs, and settlements, and by the newspaper publicity given the occasion. Many requests have been made for a repetition of the school. Other towns and cities are following the lead given in this instance by Boston.

* * *

AN exhibition at the MacDowell Gallery, New York, not long since, gave the public an opportunity to study without cost, methods of lighting, simple staging, costuming and grouping for a small stage. The exhibition, given under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Armfield also included a synthetic

play demonstrating these points: A Persian idyll, "The Minstrel," by Mr. Armfield, presented by three people before decorated screens and black cloth with flat lighting, alternated with "The Aubade," a troubadour Dawn-song adapted from the twelfth century work, keeping the form, the rhyme, the setting, and using the chanting voice. This was designed to show different processes of light, as the action took place between midnight and dawn, and also the various dramatic uses of draperies.

* * *

THERE is keen enthusiasm in a community drama program in Zanesville, Ohio. A Girls' Dramatic Club has been organized, under the direction of Elizabeth B. Grimboll, of Community Service, Inc., with twenty-one members from the student body of St. Thomas' School. They are already at work upon a play. Miss Sybil Burton, of the Woman's Club, has arranged a dramatic program for the Spring meeting of the organization, with the assistance of Mrs. Bailey, president of the Club, and several prominent club members. The Rev. Harry Block of the Presbyterian Church, is interested in the production of a series of plays for his adult dramatic club.

* * *

AS a result of a three weeks' institute held in Warren County, Ohio, a dramatic club was organized in each town, with officers elected for 1921. The officers constituted a committee on programs which met with Miss Maude Frances, dramatic director for Community Service, Inc., for discussion of materials, suggestions for producing plays, and sources from which plays might be procured.

* * *

A COMMUNITY interest in dramatics was largely responsible for the continuance this year of a charming custom in Sacramento, Cal., which would otherwise have been abandoned. A group of persons recently organized for activity along dramatic lines planned a Christmas pageant. Mrs. L. C. Hunter, chairman of the committee, recruited business men, artists, and persons generally representative, for the cast, so as to make the celebration as thoroughly communal as possible, and at the same time to give impetus and permanence to the budding drama move throughout the city.

The usual procedure at the time of the Christmas holidays has always been heretofore a public celebration held under the auspices of the Municipal government, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations. This had been given up.

The little group of towns people thus interested in keeping alive the community spirit and enterprises, revived the idea, however.

Their Christmas pageant representing the Nativity, was given in Capital Park. Old Christmas carols, hymns and anthems were sung by trained choruses. Mrs. Hunter was assisted by Miss Marjorie Day, of Community Service; Mrs. Alpha Johnson, Fred Links, Mrs. P. H. Hawley, Arthur S. Dudley, Mrs. Minnie O'Neil, Rev. Harvey Miller, Mrs. M. R. Beard, Howard McIntyre, Grace Tully, Mrs. Orin Whipple, George Si, supervisor of playgrounds, and Mrs. William Ellery Briggs.

* * *

AN organization just formed at Carnegie Hall, New York, is The Fitzgerald Dramatic Club. It has for its object the fostering of talent wherever found, with special emphasis along dramatic lines, and it is planning to give a series of plays. Samuel Kassewitz has been appointed director for the first play. A committee on costumes includes Mrs. C. C. Persons, Mrs. R. G. Shannonhouse, and Mrs. U. J. Bennet. The program committee is made up of Mrs. Nellie F. Moncrief, Miss Florence Willis and Miss Julia Prentiss; the music committee, of Miss Alberta McCloud, Miss Marjorie Owen, and Mrs. Jesse Grantham. Mrs. George W. Brown is president.

* * *

AMONG the numerous Pilgrim pageants inspired by the historical significance of 1920 was one given in Wabash, Indiana, under the auspices of the South Side Churches. The Friend's Church was chosen for the celebration, and was decorated with autumn leaves and ears of dried corn. Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster were there, and a throng of Indians headed by their chiefs, Massasoit and Squanto. The Indians looked on in wonder while the white men offered prayers. Speeches were then made by both. The pipe of peace was passed around, and a corn dance was performed by the Indian girls.

* * *

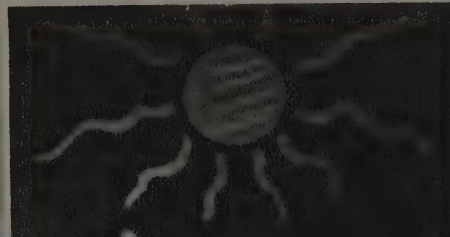
IN Kalamazoo, Michigan, there has been demonstrated this past winter an interest in dramatics so strong that neither wind nor weather could prove a detriment to its expression. A pageant had been arranged for outdoor presentation when to the dismay of those in charge, the appointed day brought with it a heavy snowstorm. It was decided to call off the "show." The participants, however, insisted that the program be carried out, and the bands, chorus and audience of several thousand were of the same mind. Nature's contribution was an exquisite carpet of ermine, and the steady fall of the snow flakes added a strange beauty to the scene which will not soon be forgotten.

Below: The comedy work of Lou Tilden, of Chicago, in the part of "Reginald," the precocious bell hop, entitles him to prominent mention—he has personality.



Above: L. Lloyd-Smith, of Boston, as "Adeline Roget"—Julian Eltinge had better look to his laurels!

The acting of F. T. Corbett, of New York, as Lady Doyle, was one of the outstanding hits in "They Never Come Back."



"They never come back"—is a misnomer at Princeton, because, they do come back—each year with a stronger play. The temple scene shown above, is a notable amateur achievement, all of the lighting and scenic effects having been designed and executed by members of the Triangle Club, the producers of "They Never Come Back."

THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB'S LATEST PLAY

Below: The part of Cherry, the Innkeeper's daughter was cleverly acted by H. W. Baxter, with N. Smith as the Innkeeper, in "Beau Stratagem."



Above: G. Zalles as Archer, and A. V. Youngman, who as the servant did some unusually good character work, in the revival of "Beau Stratagem."

A picturesque ensemble from the William's College revival of "Beau Stratagem," the cast being composed entirely of men—even to the very convincing grand 'dames!



A REVIVAL OF "BEAU STRATAGEM" AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

SALLY—

With the début of this enchanting musical comedy, comes Fashion. Usually a fickle dictator, she has decided emphatically on the tight little bodice and full skirt, the Princess lines, and the Directoire style for the spring season, and has introduced through the medium of a Ziegfeld production, the final decision in this all-important matter. The stately Dolores appears in the first act, gowned in a stunning brown velvet Directoire gown and hat made by Lucile. The habit draped skirt is very long, and the bodice with square neck edged with deep cream lace, shows a Medici collar of Kolinski. Of course the sleeves are long banded with fur and draped with lace. A loose panel at the back is caught in below the waistline, emphasizing the Directoire mode. The Russian influence is strong, and the much mooted question as to the entrance of Russian boots for street wear, promises to become a reality.



F. E. Geisler

*Evelyn Gosnell
introduces smart
fashions on and
off the stage*



Miss Gosnell has found a charming variation in a black net frock with a fruit motif of strawberries embroidered in long stems. These stems extend into the bodice which preclude any other trimming save the youthful fluffy sash of tulle



The newest wrap coat of the season—a Brandt model in dark blue satin delicately embroidered in henna and lined throughout with henna. An ultra smart feature is the straight back and front, with the fullness gathered in at the sides with ribbon streamers. Bell cuffs of black satin match the high collar with reversible side of monkey fur

*Specially posed
photos by
Ira Hill Studio*



As Mimi in the new farce "Ladies' Night," Miss Gosnell wears a canary yellow robe with a cascading ostrich feather of bright green at the side. It is made over the slimpiest sort of a silk foundation, with a fragile scroll embroidery of pearls and spangles which hug the body in a lovely silhouette. Designed by Bonwit Teller's Dressmaking Department

*Models from Bonwit
Teller and Company*

Photos from
Ira Hill Studio



There is not a seam in this four pointed dancing frock of crepe de Chine in lovely shades of green. Chiffon makes the petticoat of picot edged bands, concealing the limbs, yet leaving them free for dancing. With this gown is worn green orchids and green feather-fan



Lucile designs for Miss Castle a little frock of citron colored marquisette, with a full drapery over an underdress embroidered in silver bowknots. The girdle of black maline has very long ends at one side, which serve as a train. This touch is a valuable suggestion



If you would boast the newest thing in millinery—be sure to have a little roll hat like Miss Castle's, and add a flirty bit of veiling over the eyes. Her chapeau is from Peggy Hoyt's, made of beige colored satin, embroidered in paisley design and color, and skirted with a gold eye veil

(Oval)

Black Canton Crepe made again in four points over a black petticoat of georgette. A square of Indian embroidery decorates the front of the blouse which is singularly like a shirt, hanging straight in front and blousing slightly at the back. It is a two piece frock

BLIND WIVES—

In this great modern society drama about to be produced on the screen, much interest centers about the gorgeous costuming which includes many of the newest and smartest ideas in fashion. The story is based on the famous stage success "My Lady's Dress," and the gowns are designed by no less a person than Lucile. The frocks and negligées are dreams of loveliness, and as the latter type of garment is of special interest at the moment, we have sketched two which may be effectively copied. The stage has introduced very persistently designs made on the lines of harem skirts and trousers, so we may be assured of the correctness of this style for every sort of gown. It seems a fitting style indeed for the robe intime, which is a name that means suitability for the drawing room as well as for the boudoir.

Lucile has used brocade for the daring negligée at the right—vermillion and gold brocade draped in harem effect and caught up in novel fashion from hem to bust. The wide girdle of gold cloth is edged with vermillion velvet and decorated with a spray of tiny French flowers. A slimsy train of the brocade is directly at the back, edged with a piping of the velvet and fringed and buckled with gold. Entirely different is the robe with the becoming little coatee—made entirely of jade green and silver cloth and filigree.



THE MIRAGE—

One of the most beautifully costumed plays in New York, and Florence Reed blazes through the exciting drama in a whirl of frocks and negligées and wraps that held us spell bound! It was some consolation to know that while the veriest few of us could ever hope to achieve such an artistic dramatic success, at least we could imitate Miss Reed's style of hair-dressing, her unique jewels and accessories, and her manner of sitting at the piano. We mention this little variation of the subject, because it may be interesting to know that Miss Reed is an excellent pianist. Perhaps the negligées caused the loudest exclamations—the one in mauve chiffon with long Russian sleeves widely cuffed in chinchilla, which was repeated again at the hem of the long gown, and outlined the deep V neck to a very low waistline. Another in Oriental close fitting slip with voluminous paniered sleeves and long trailing train of emerald green chiffon! We have sketched an evening gown showing the low waistline with beaded and jeweled harness robe. The foundation is of flesh colored charmeuse with a fringed pearl tunic held over the shoulder with woven strands of pearls. The bodice is merely a bandeau of flesh colored charmeuse and tulle. With this is worn a long draped ermine wrap lined throughout with orange chiffon—the effect was startling and wonderful.

Florence Nash's frocks were adorable; one we have sketched as a smart spring model for afternoon wear. Black chiffon velvet in Eton effect with its little jacket, glimpsing a white satin facing. The short skirt is adjusted to the waist with wide organ pleats faced with the white and banded at the hem with the same effective treatment.



Opera Glass

AT THE SAVOY-LONDON—

Lenore Hughes who is dancing with Maurice at the Savoy in London, is decidedly chic and wears her frocks with great style and dash. In her recent visit back to America, she proved her loyalty by carrying triumphantly back to England, a wardrobe bulging with entrancing gowns and American-made boots and slippers. "What she wears" is evidently of great importance to Miss Hughes' admirers on the other side, because her dancing frocks in particular are very much copied by the fashionables. The shaggy skirt, one that floats about in graceful points or scallops with an irregular hem outline, emphasizes the delightful art of dancing and adds infinite charm to the silhouette.

The idea is illustrated in the sketch showing one of Miss Hughes' favorites. The underskirt and long bodice is of geranium colored chiffon with a very occasional narrow silver stripe. The skirt hangs in many overlapping points, with a Russian tunic of peach and mauve colored fringe swung from the left shoulder to the right hip. A large rosette of long fringe swings from the under right arm, introducing that effective new arrangement for concealing the underarm portion of the gown. The other little frock of black satin captures the eye at once—it is covered with black thread lace with an addition of black tulle ruffles at the sides which cascade below the hem of the skirt.



CORNERED—

'Twas a big night when Madge Kennedy appeared again on the speaking stage, and she certainly received an ovation! We had to go twice to see the play for we were so excited over the comedy drama that we failed to do justice to the fashions the first night. When Miss Kennedy isn't the homeless waif in the play, she is a wealthy young woman of fashion, and her frocks are all that a typical American girl's should be. Simply made one-piece frocks they are, girdled or sashed loosely about the normal waistline, and all of them showing a decided tendency to flirt more intimately with the ankle—in other words, Miss Kennedy wears her frocks longer than we are accustomed to seeing them. She showed a preference for soft grays and rose tones, and wore no jewels. Her hair crowns her head like a diadem of jewels anyhow—she has the most charming and characteristic style of coiffure!

The hair is parted in two long strands at the back and wound about her head like two bands of ribbon. One little gown of dove gray chiffon velvet made in one piece, had a perfectly plain bodice with a shallow neck, and was girdled with a long string belt. The skirt part bore the distinctive mark of smart style with row upon row of horizontal bands of gray crepe de Chine beginning almost at the waistline and sloping gradually towards the back. The bands looked like ribbons and were about three inches deep. In the sketch, we are showing a simple bit of an evening gown and the wrap she wears with it. The wrap is of gray and gold Svn-Fa-Ni, a gorgeous silk fabric in metal effect, with a huge collar of tailless ermine. The dinner gown is of shell pink panne velvet girdled and sashed with satin and tulle, which balances the one-sided drapery.

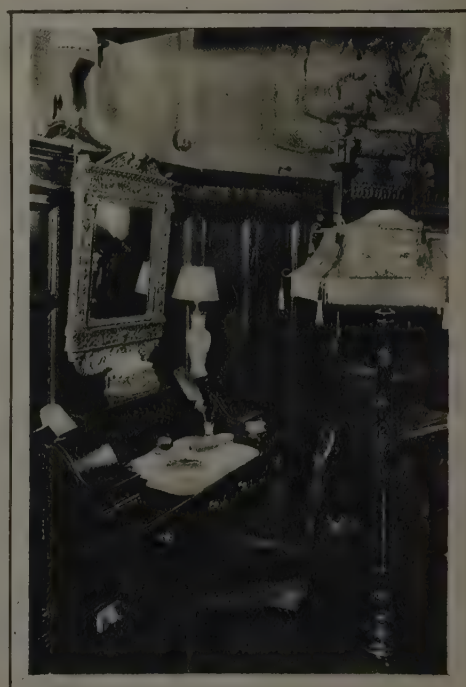


WHERE RUBY DE REMER MAKES HER HOME

A favored type of home for the artist is the duplex apartment, with its lofty and spacious studio room and its mezzanine floor for the bedrooms. Such an apartment is the choice of Miss Ruby De Remer, who has furnished it delightfully and makes a feature of her Sunday afternoons there. It was at her studio that M. Helleu pronounced Miss De Remer the beauty *sans pareil* of these United States.



Left: A close-up of the fireplace whose hand-carving was brought in sections from abroad, the chairs on either side being modern reproductions carved to match the original design of the mantelpiece. On the hearth are rare and shining old brasses, in search of which Miss De Remer is fond of scouring the East side.



Right: Another corner of the studio, showing the dark wood panelling, and a corner of an old tapestry that help to give the room its rich atmosphere.

The Home of the Player

FLORENCE REED'S PRICELESS COLLECTION OF CHINESE EMBROIDERIES AND ANTIQUES

All the charm and originality that is Florence Reed are reflected in her apartment in the upper fifties in New York, where she has surrounded herself with the exotic atmosphere of the East, in a unique collection of Chinese *objets d'art*—gorgeous embroideries, temple carvings and fascinating bits from the Orient. The jewel of Miss Reed's collection—a gift from her husband, Malcolm Williams—is a cigarette case, the covers of which are fashioned of the most delicate green jade, fastened with diamond studded platinum clasps.



Above: The entrance to the music room is flanked on both sides by carved, gilded Chinese lamps, and overhead may be seen an arch of wonderfully wrought temple carving, lacquered in orange on the reverse side, giving the effect of a glow, through the carving.



Upper Right: On the wall above Miss Reed's black lacquered bed, a priceless embroidered frieze is stretched, showing the figures of the eleven Chinese philosophers with Confucius, and beneath it an exquisite piece of temple carving in gold, depicts in symbols an old Chinese legend.

Right: One enters the hall through doors that are hung with heavily embroidered lustrous black satin curtains, one of them revealing a doorway in which a lattice of gilded temple carving has been fitted, bit by bit. It would be difficult to imagine a more fascinating and unusual hall than Miss Reed's.



Center Right: An interesting corner of the music room, showing a sacred prayer strip on the wall, just in back of a fascinating Chinese floor lamp—and Miss Reed's interesting treatment of the window, where a curious antique Chinese dog stands guard on the sill.

CO-OPERATING WITH THE SILK WORM

By ANGELINA



C OUSIN Nina sent us such a lovely box, last week, from Japan. She is going round the world, and had just reached Tokio. The box was wrapped amusingly in a crepey, Japanesey paper, and inside were kimonos for everyone including Father, and yards of silk for underthings for Mother and me . . . Association of ideas—silk, lingerie, lingerie, silk—reminded me . . . I hopped on a Fifth Avenue bus and went down to call on Mr. Van Raalte, to find out before anyone else what was new for spring in the way of silk lingerie and silk hosiery and silk gloves and silk veils. (Yes, they're made of silk, too!)

* * *

I found out what I went to find out, but I'm afraid you're doomed to disappointment if you expect to learn about it from me here. For my brain was in a whirl . . . too much beauty sightseeing had gone to my head. Vaguely I recalled that "veils with large, square meshes are to be the greater vogue." That there is no hard and fast preference at present for one type of "shimmie"—envelope, step-in, plain—over another. Each has its devotees. That stockings . . . No, I can't remember the generalization about stockings. I do remember, though, that particular and adorable pair in brown . . . "third from the end on the right." Anyway, mere word descriptions of the Van Raalte wares are frightfully unsatisfactory. The only thing to do is to step up to a counter and ask to see them.

* * *

However, out of the whirl of fancy emerged a fancy started by something Mr. Van Raalte had been telling me concerning the buying of the raw silk for his fabrics. It has engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. If you've read H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" perhaps you may see how the fancy originated.

* * *

By way of preface and explanation . . . it seems that this raw silk is bought from the importer in the form of skeins, which is the most convenient way of putting it up. Each strand of a skein is known as a single thread. Each thread is equal to about the diameter of a human hair. And yet each of these fine, tenuous, human-hair threads is actually made up from five to twelve other fibres taken from as many cocoons, (the cocoons are placed in a bowl of warm water and the fibres groped for by hand) each cocoon having been spun of a single continuous fibre running from the mouth of a silk worm. "The House that Jack built!" This is the worm that spun the fibre, that made the cocoon, that made the thread, that made the skein . . . and so on . . . Thus

every pair of stockings and gloves, every undergarment, even every veil, has in it, literally, miles and miles of silk. That precious little silkworm is responsible for it all. Did I hear you say, "Isn't Nature wonderful"? She does add a touch, sometimes, doesn't she?

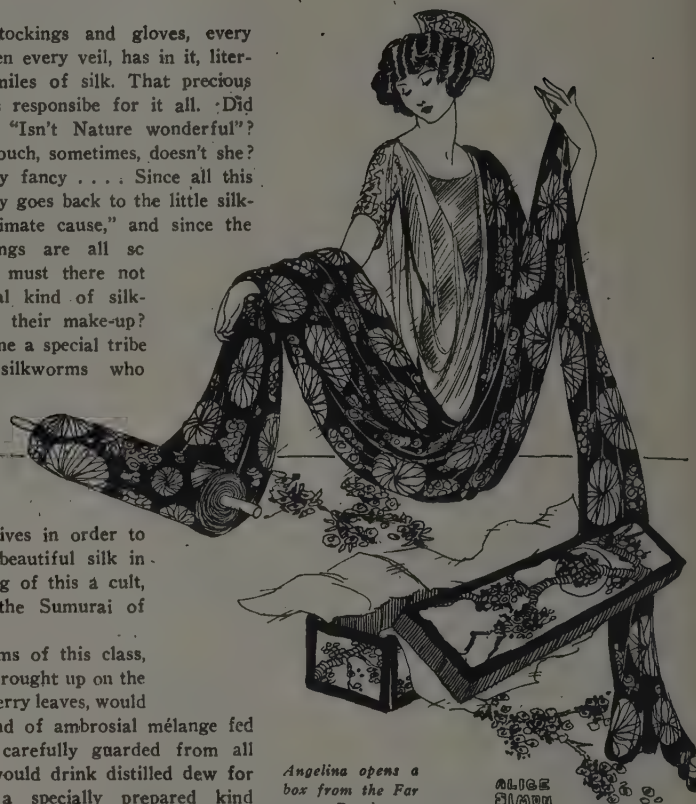
And here is my fancy . . . Since all this Van Raalte beauty goes back to the little silkworm as its "ultimate cause," and since the Van Raalte things are all so specially perfect, must there not be a very special kind of silkworm going into their make-up? I go on to imagine a special tribe or family of silkworms who would dedicate themselves and their descendants to this high calling, giving up their lives in order to create the most beautiful silk in the world, making of this a cult, a religion, like the Sumurai of old Japan.

Young silkworms of this class, instead of being brought up on the usual diet of mulberry leaves, would have a special kind of ambrosial mélange fed them, its secret carefully guarded from all outsiders. They would drink distilled dew for week-days and a specially prepared kind of *saké* for Sundays and holidays. They would have continually to go through special setting-up exercises to make them strong, so that when their appointed time came they might spin faster and longer than all other silkworms.



The silkworm that works for the Van Raalte House is fed on "special brew" that he may spin a finer and larger cocoon than other silkworm

When it came time for them to set up housekeeping their unions would be regulated by committee, with a view to reproducing more perfect little silkworms. Cruelly regulated, if necessary. For you might further fancy an insubordinate young male creature falling in love with another young female creature who had only fourteen feet. Sixteen is the regular, and eugenically correct number. But he would find this fourteen-footed damsel absolutely fascinating. She would be "so different from all the others." Love's young dream, however, must be shattered . . . The police would find occasion to hurry sweet-fourteen off to a lonely tower under life



Angelina opens a box from the Far East

ALICE SIMON

sentence, or quietly drop her into the river. You couldn't afford to take chances on the possibilities of offspring with only fourteen feet. You couldn't tell what dire effect the loss of those two feet might have on the final quality of the silk. The young rebel would be commanded to accept a wife who had the full complement, or go without. The individual must be sacrificed for the good of the race. And what was a transitory happiness in comparison with the immortality of entering into the very warp and woof of the most beautiful silk in the world, of merging one's soul in the soul of a stocking, of veiling the features, and robing with beauty the limbs of the beauties of the great world.

* * *

And how, you ask, does the Van Raalte House discover this particular caste of silkworm? What special marking or symbol

To obtain the first raw skeins of silk the cocoons are placed in a bowl of warm water and the fine loosened fibres groped for by hand



makes it known? Ah, my dear children, that is their secret! Sufficient for you that you reap the benefit of their eternal vigilance and wisdom whenever you wear their stockings, their gloves their veils, or their lingerie.

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FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Toilet Soap 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

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The Programme of Fashion



Helen Hayes in "Bab" introduces some really new styles for the Junior Miss. We illustrate two gowns worn in the play which offer suggestions for the prospective new frock

BAB—

This delightful comedy with Helen Hayes as the star, has moved to other cities, and is made still more entrancing with the addition of spring frocks by Betty Wales. The evening gown above is constructed entirely of flame and gray tulle with verigated panels overlaid in front, back, and finished with a fluted heading. A foundation skirt is made of flame chiffon with one overlay of the tulle at the sides, and silver forms the bodice. The distended skirt of tulle is an innovation in itself, and one can secure almost any kind of silhouette with this idea in mind. It has remained for Betty Wales to anticipate this desire for something novel in an evening frock. When the panels are not adjusted to the foundation skirt at irregular intervals, floating sashes of bright color are tied rakishly at the side or back.



Taffeta of course will not be left out of the smart wardrobe of Matron or Miss, and this simple little Betty Wales Junior model worn by Miss Hayes boasts all the new-

*est fashion-
tures. It
Copenhagen
taffeta, with
bodice, and
gathered
skirt made
with rosette
mings of*

Campbell Studios



*Betty Wales Junior
Dresses
and
Helen Hayes
as*

"BAB"

IN her portrayal of the title role in "Bab", Miss Helen Hayes, winsome creator of youthful stage types, wears only Betty Wales Junior Dresses. Choosing from a wealth of designs, Miss Hayes selected Betty Wales Junior Dresses as most fitly expressing both the charm and beauty of youth.

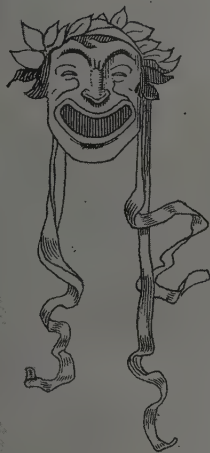
"Bab" is now on a tour of the principal American cities after a long and successful run in New York City.



Act 4

ALL Betty Wales Junior Dresses embody the same high qualities of design, materials and workmanship that have made Betty Wales Dresses famous.

You can purchase exact duplicates of the dresses worn by Miss Hayes in "Bab" from your nearest Betty Wales dealer.

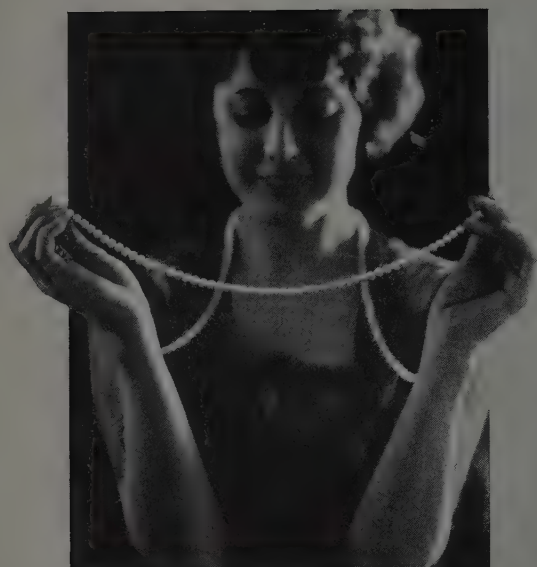


Act 2

Betty Wales Dressmakers

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NEW YORK CITY



Coro Pearls for Easter

NOT only as jewelry, but as a lovely accessory to Dress, wear a necklace of Coro Pearls with your Easter frock.

—A long rope of Coro Pearls with semi-low cut or high collared gowns—to give long, slender lines.
—A short necklace of Coro Pearls with low cut or V-neck gowns—to make the white throat of beauty whiter still.

Prices \$12 to \$210 at Jewelry Stores and Jewelry Departments. These stores are also showing extensive collections of Coro Jewelry to harmonize with your various costumes.

Write for the Art Portfolio of Coro Pearls showing the various Coro Pearls styles, lengths and clasps. Each Coro Necklace is guaranteed indestructible, insoluble, and to retain its luster.

CORO, Marbridge Building
New York City



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you're up in modern thought you know by this time that there is no such thing in life as mere coincidence . . .

We amused ourselves over the dinner table one evening last month imagining inventions for which the world stood in crying need. Why, for instance, someone suggested, hadn't a piano rack for an upright piano been invented, from which the music didn't inevitably leap up and fall off when you tried to turn the leaves. Why wasn't there on the market, suggested someone else with a face over-addicted to shine, a vanity box with an electrical bell attachment that started ringing as soon as all the powder in it had run out, and kept on ringing until the box was filled again. Then you would never be thrust into the lovelorn condition of being out, miles from home, with a highly eligible young man, on whom you wished to make all sorts of an impression, of having no powder and a shiny nose.

By that time it was the end of dinner. We were making ready to depart, and vanity cases were out. As I observed the powder sifting down onto my frock and that of the other women, I offered as my contribution. Why can't someone invent a vanity box that keeps the powder from scattering over everything?

AS if in answer—I prefaced that there is no such thing as chance—there came to me through the mails, the very next day, a package. It was from a well-known concern, whose powder, though somewhat new to the market, is already firmly entrenched in feminine favor. And the package opened up revealed exactly the invention I had been wishing for—a powder box that did not scatter its contents when used.

The principle? Like so many other things, simple enough if you had only happened to think of it . . . a compact of powder covered with a porous gauze. When you apply the powder puff—really a powder chamois pad—that fits over the compact, the powder filters through the gauze and is taken up by the puff. This way just enough gets on for powdering, and there is no spilling over the sides of the box, nor down the front of your frock. Therefore no wasting of the powder either. And, as if enough had not been supplied in the invention alone, the box itself is enchanting. Just right size for carrying about—slender, and neither too small, nor too large—of some shiny gold metal with a raised design on the hinged cover, and its own mirror inside, all complete. Everyone who uses the case is going to be frightfully enthusiastic over it, I am sure.

I PICKED up from the table of Helen Hayes' dressing room, at the Park Theatre, one evening when she was playing in "Bab"—now on tour—an amusing looking pink taffeta object, round and flat, about the size of a small tea-plate.

"What?" I asked. "If it weren't covered with taffeta I should say it looked like a powder puff."

"Gaze more closely" said Miss Hayes. No sooner said than done.

It was a powder puff. Two rounds of lambs wool, their outsides covered in pink taffeta, had been sewn together with an opening left at the top, as if the affair were a little pocket. You turned it inside out, used your puff . . . and presto! back again to form. Thus there was always a tidy and ornamental pink outside to face the world with. A lovely idea! You know how quickly a powder puff gets to appear dingy . . . even a few usings can sometimes make it look weeks old.

I found from Miss Hayes where she got this puff. They come in a five-inch size, and are covered in both pink and blue taffeta.

(If you wish to know the name of the new Vanity Powder Box, and where the taffeta powder puffs can be bought, write the Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City).



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*I*VORY PYRALIN has a lasting appeal. Its simple lines and delicate coloring are flawless. With intimate daily use women love their Pyralin more and more. The passing years bring no blemish to mar its beauty, only serving to deepen its rich, mellow lustre.

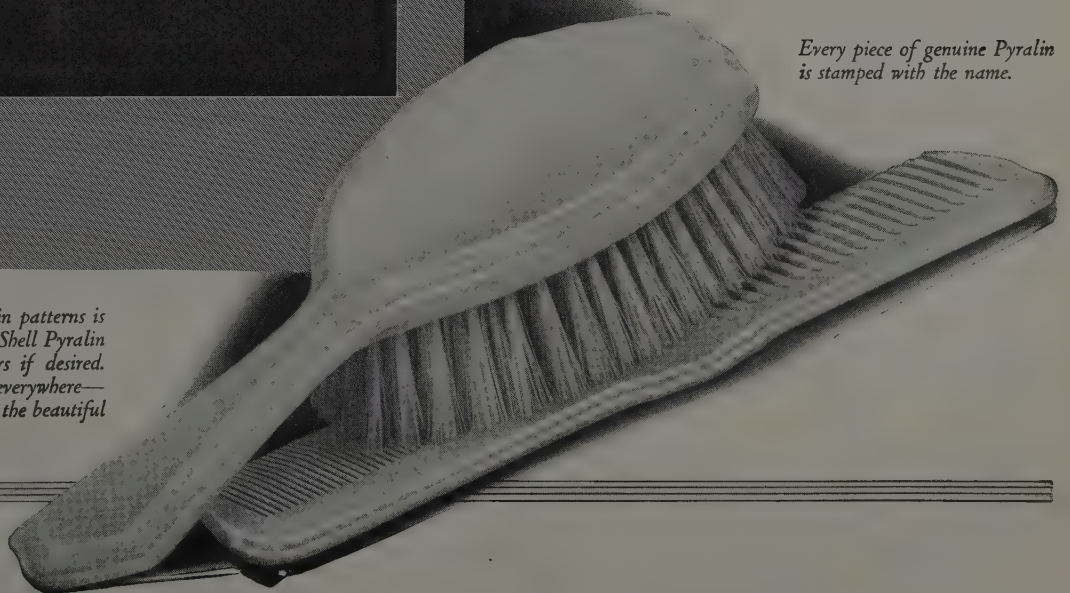
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GEORGETTE LEBLANC

BY RICHARD GRAHAM

(Concluded from page 174)

work. For example, the *première* of a work does not interest me. It is the forming, the moulding and vivifying it through study and at rehearsals that I love."

Behold! An actress who loves rehearsals. There is, after all, something new beneath the sun.

MME. Leblanc has come to America to imbibe its youth, she says. It was a strange statement from one who seems abundantly alive, eternally young. "*Mais oui*," she insisted. She wanted to do a great deal of work and to do that she must be far from Paris. Again surprise! Georgette Leblanc is a woman of many surprises. This second shock was occasioned by her exclamation: "I hate Paris!"

"You hate Paris?"

"Yes." She leaned toward me, gripping her silk clad knees with her long, white fingers. "Because it is like a woman who has been praised so much for her beauty that she neglects to preserve it. Like an actor who has been so applauded that he no longer studies his art. Like anyone who has become self-satisfied. Self-satisfaction is the end of growth. Paris is the spoiled city of the world. She has been praised too much. She will grow no more."

"There is belief among some optimists that New York will become the fashion center of the world."

"I would not be surprised if it did. There are evidences of it. I encounter them in my promenades. All your women are suitably dressed. Many of them exquisitely."

I WILL tell you another reason why I hate Paris. You and others who say, 'you surprise me,' do not know the real Paris. You visit it but you do not live there year after year. Paris is beautiful and suave on the surface." Her glance followed mine to the piano. "Yes, like that veneer. It is polished and beautiful but do not scratch it. It is too thin. I have come to America because Americans are sincere. Paris and Parisians are not sincere. It is diffi-

cult to do one's best work amidst thousand insincerities."

SHE looked from the silk-draped window of the little drawing room to a high building facing Central Park. She raised her supple expressive arms to frame her face. "Aspiration!" she breathed.

Mme. Leblanc, while in America will write her Book of Love, her memoirs, and will be seen in a photo drama.

"I am greatly interested in the cinema," she said. "It is the broadest expression of art today."

"Some artists who have gone from the stage to the screen have complained that acting before a camera limits their expression. They say that doing their acting in three feet of space is like painting on a small canvas after being accustomed to larger ones."

"One should not concern himself with the means," Mme. Leblanc made a sententious answer. "It is the result that matters. The end in photo drama is a survey of the world. Life is shown at best in sections on the stage."

A manager has asked her to appear in a pantomime in vaudeville. The pantomime will recite wordlessly the story of her love of nearly two decades for the great mystic.

IN her own right, or perhaps through a habit of mind formed by her one time adorer, she has become a philosopher.

"The world's two great needs are inspiration and intuition," she said. "Had there been more of inspiration and intuition there would have been no world war."

"Will you become a citizen of America?" I asked.

Her face glowed with the new thought.

"Perhaps. I shall think of it. Europe is old and wise and has superior culture. But America transfers the blood of youth into the veins; it was the answer of the only woman I have known, save Bernhardt, who seems ageless."



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"BEAUTY" SMITH

By ADA PATTERSON

(Continued from page 170)



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the important Paris houses.*

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wardly courageous, who had borne him company on the benches of waiting in the outer offices, knew him. Those who did looked as though they had seen a ghost. A former stage director, whom he dared to stop on his way to the inner offices of Ray & Smollett, said: "Beauty Smith? You don't mean it. Certainly, I'll speak to the boss."

When he emerged, "Beauty" rose, faint with hunger and weariness. The man supported him to a chair.

"Yes, I spoke to them about a part for you. But they think you're not quite juvenile enough."

He sent in the most attractive of the fading photographs to the next manager. The photograph secured him admittance.

"What does this mean?" demanded the manager, scowling at him. "Is it a joke? Or are you a confidence man? Don't try to explain. I'm busy. Get out!"

An office boy whose offices he implored and into whose hands he had seen a crisp young vaudevillian press a banknote, said: "There ain't no use announcing you. This show is for the young and good lookers and for comedians. You're too old."

HE expended a dollar of what was doled out to him on his weekly visits to the rooms of the Actors' Fund for hair dye. Perhaps the dye had outlived its usefulness. Perhaps he did not properly apply it. He appeared at the breakfast table with sparse looks that changed in the sunlight from purple to green. Whereat the young woman giggled and the children said, "Look, mother, at the funny man."

Thereafter "Beauty" Smith, whom no one longer called "Beauty," did jobbing with experimental companies. He was glad to pick up two or three weeks' work. But he was soon dismissed or the company's life was brief.

The truth is you're in tough luck, Smith," said the manager of one of the brief lived companies. "Your looks are gone. By rights, you ought to be a character actor. But you've never learned enough about acting to do character work."

Recalling what he had heard Wilton Lackaye say in that happy year when he could afford to be a Lamb, "All acting is character acting," "Beauty" asked:

"Don't you think, with a little coaching—"

"I'm afraid it's too late, old man."

A round of the motion-picture studios. Much ill luck. A little good. The leading director of them all, seeing his shrunken form and thin face and haunting eyes among the extras, selected him for the rôle

of a broker who had lost his fortune and his hope. He explained the character at great length and with absolute clarity.

"Now, do you think you can do it?" he asked.

"I think so, Mr. —," he answered.

Impulsively the boyish-hearted genius leaned forward and kissed him on the spreading bald spot where his crown of black hair had been.

"I know you can," he said.

But he couldn't or didn't. After several efforts the developer of talent abandoned the task.

"You'll have to get another man," he said to his assistant. "But for God's sake, do it kindly. That man's face haunts my dreams."

"Beauty" Smith tried skulking about stage doors. Others had sunk to such borrowings and had risen again. Some dolings he received, but the donors never waited for the end of his story.

The day the Actors' Fund took him to the Elizabethan house among the tall trees on a high hill of Staten Island, he looked back with no regret at the expanse of flat or pointed roofs.

"No, I don't mind," he made answer to the comforting of the steward. "For many years it has been a city of pain and want to me."

HIS days at the Actors' Fund

Home seemed full of dreamy content. He sat quietly listening to the tales of the old resting players. One of the men who walked in palsied uncertainty, despite the support of a cane, had been Edwin Booth's leading man. Another had played a page for Edwin Forrest. They talked of Billy Scanlan and John B. McCullough. One had a more or less clear remembrance of Adelaide Neilson. They live happily among ghosts of other days. He listened to the story of Harry Montague of face and form so handsome and so romance-inspiring, that he used to screen them in a cloak and dash from the stage door to his carriage to avoid importunate matinee maids and bold matinee matrons. Hearing this story, "Beauty" Smith asked if the library contained a portrait of the handsome English actor who had lent his beauty to Wallack's Theatre. He gazed a long time at the woodcut. Then went to his room on the second floor, overlooking the lake, and looked long at his own pictures.

He tried to be useful in the Home. He went about among the neighbors asking for flowers for the Home tables. He was never denied them. He gathered them from the gardens, arranged them on the tables and went

(Concluded on page 210)



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'BEAUTY' SMITH

(Concluded from page 210)

to his room for his afternoon nap. He attended services in the little church, and smiled gratefully at the donors of the flowers.

One evening he did not make his appearance when the tea bell rang. The matron went to his door and rapped.

"Mr. Smith," she called. Silence. She pushed open the door. He had fastened all his yellowing photographs on the wall, had pinned them with thumb tacks. He must have sat at the desk surveying them when the supreme pain stabbed his aching

heart. She lifted his head. All the anguish of the world was in his chilling face. His head fell heavily from her supporting hand.

Howard Morton, long retired, looked up from the morning newspaper. "There's another death at the Home. They're dropping off like leaves from a tree."

"Who is it?"

"George Smith. The obituary says he began his career with us at Midletown, Kansas. I don't remember him. The guests at the Home say he was one known as 'Beauty' Smith."



THE COME-BACK OF THE MALE STAR

(Concluded from page 184)

Milky Way of star dust by some coming of the male star as indomitable of creation." This legend is quite contrary to the truth. The public creates its own stars. And if the theatre appeals in terms of shapely limbs and glittering spangles to an eight-year-old-intelligence, it is because its audience is at that period of mental development. Here and there a manager has steadily refused to cater to the eight-year-old mind, and has steadfastly appealed to the adult intelligence. This public demands something more than curves and ruffles. It is an audience that reads and thinks. Until this season, it has largely avoided the theatre because of a dearth of the plays that grip and interest it. The few managers who have steadily catered to the unprofitable few now find this great adult audience knocking at the door of the theatre, and answer its demands by putting forth the play of vigorous idea, of genuine dramatic depth, of broad scope and of virile power. This play demands a hero as well as a heroine and therefore the hour of the male star has struck in the bell tower. The eight-year-old intelligence still clamors, but the man-size play with the man-size idea has come into its own."

A third manager whose activities sweep from Broadway across the Atlantic and back again, bewails the coming of the male star as indicating the fall of woman from her pedestal! "The war activities, the ballot, the rivalry with man in political and public life into which woman has entered of recent years, have rubbed the bloom off the peach," he declares dolefully. "The theatre has always been the home of imagination, of illusion, of things as we dream they are in some other lovely sphere. People don't like to go to the play-house to see women whom they have heard bellow from cart tails even in high causes. Audiences cannot adjust their mental attitude to seeing these efficient apostles of the new feminine freedom, in the rôle of the clinging or the suffering heroine. Dramatists have got to invent a new heroine or see the stage interest drift back to the male star."

Of course, the screen has lured many lovely actresses away from the speaking stage, but then it has given back such favorites of the silent drama as Madge Kennedy, Florence Reed, Alice Brady and Theda Bara, so that the argument that actresses have lost their voices scarcely holds. No, the thing has a definite psychology of its own and the man who seeks to explain why in the astronomy of Science and in the astronomy of the stage the star Masculine is in the ascendent, must dig deep and search high for the answer.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Unquestionably E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe occupy in drama the same high plane that belongs to Caruso, Kreisler and other Victor artists in music. Their production on two February Victor Records, of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," marks a new epoch in the progress of sound reproduction. These records are a splendid dramatic interpretation of probably the greatest love scene in all literature. A contrast of strong, ringing, masculine clearness of tone in a slow movement, and intrepid accuracy of playing in a swift and brilliant one, may be heard in the new Victor Record, "Sicilienne and Rigaudon," by Jascha Heifetz. John McCormack sings for a Victor Record, "'Tis an Irish Girl I Love and She's Just Like You," a delightful, wholesome, natural Irish love song. He sings with sincere, finished art.



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"THE MAKE-UP SPIDER"

A bit of color defily distributed, a dab of the lip-stick, a well-placed pencil stroke to set off a point of attraction . . . they can be made to convey art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the whole world should have notice of our temporary frailty. As a necessary prop to our beauty, let us have it by all means, and I am for it to such an extent that I have made it my business to bring together a fascinating assortment of wonderful rouges and exquisitely tinted powders and lip-refreshers. But make-up for the mere sake of make-up, . . . well, it is certainly unnecessary, to say nothing of the taste displayed.

The Secret of Skin Beauty

is a simple one: Make your skin work. If it has become sluggish from any cause, coax it to greater activity. Do not allow it to stagnate under an overlay of paint and heavy creams. Inactive, it will become greasy, flabby, infirm. It will sag. The pores will clog up; then they will expand. Blackheads will form and pimples. With others, again, the skin will dry and fall into wrinkles. It will be pallid and pasty. At this point a sense of false pride will fasten upon you the practice of covering up with make-up the ravages due to make-up. *The make-up spider has spun his web . . .*

Up to Date Beauty Treatments.

"Make your skin work", I said a little while back. My various Saloons, known as *Maisons de Beaute Valaze*, are based on just that principle. The beauty treatments practiced by me, and by no one else, have for their purpose to keep the skin clear and supple, when natural or other influences have roughened or mottled it. To unpucker and smooth out lines on the face. To free it of freckles, sallowness and muddiness. To restore the satin feel to the skin when it has become harsh. To bring back the inexpressible charm of the perfect oval face. To suppress crow's feet. To bring back to normal size and function large, distended pores. To remove blackheads and oiliness of the skin as well as the conditions that cause them. To remedy looseness of the skin about the throat which in French is so aptly called *cou de dindon*. And then the fascinating short beauty sitting to make you look your very best for a special occasion, a dinner, dance or theatre party — this is the last, but certainly not the least of my innovations, which no woman can afford to miss nowadays.

You should, therefore, take the first opportunity to call at my establishment, if for no other reason at least to satisfy your curiosity and to see with your own eyes just what in reality can be accomplished in the sphere of woman's beauty.

Of the wide range of preparations for home use the following are recommended to your notice:

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Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion, a companion preparation to the Skinfood, braces, revivifies; prevents and aids in suppressing lines. For normal and oily skin. \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$5.50. For dry skin, Skin-toning Lotion Special. \$2.25, \$4.50 and \$8.50.

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muscles, consolidates flabby throats and counteracts crow's feet, \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

Valaze Beauty Grains: A sensational skin rejuvenant. Its importation from Europe has only just been resumed. Used for washing in place of soap. Keeps the skin creamy-white, safeguards its texture and guarantees against coarseness and oiliness of the pores, blackheads and other impurities. Should be a household article in every home. Men, women and children will be free from skin defects by using Valaze Beauty Grains. \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$5.50.

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THE RISE OF THE PRESS AGENT

By JAMES L. FORD

(Concluded from page 164)

like to earn twenty-five dollars by two hours' work?" was the welcome proposition made to me one day by a brother press agent engaged to boom an attraction due to open that evening. Knowing the uncertainty of all human affairs, I stipulated only that the money should be paid to me on the fall of the curtain as I wished to take the midnight train for Baltimore.

A READY lying tongue was a necessary part of the theatrical equipment then. I understand that it has not altogether disappeared from the business.

That night I stood arrayed in my well-preserved evening clothes beside the manager of the attraction and smiled joyously on every familiar face. At the close of the second act I saw Franklin Fyles, a friend of long standing, emerging from the auditorium, and pausing only to inform the manager that he was the critic of the *Sun*, I sprang forward to greet him.

"Well, Frank, how do you like the performance and the new lady?" I enquired.

Fyles had a glassy smile that looked genial when viewed from a distance and he summoned this to his face as he made answer: "The play is certainly the worst I've seen this season and the star about as bad as could be imagined."

HE seemed to be pleased," said the manager as I returned to his side.

"Oh, he's all right," I said confidently. "By the way, I'll have to start a little earlier for the railroad station. I haven't bought my Pull-

man ticket yet. So I suppose I may go at the end of the third act?"

After reading the *Sun* notice the next day I kept away from Union Square for weeks for fear of meeting that manager.

AMONG the press agents of this period whom I remember, not one lived to enjoy importance as a manager. Ernest Harvier, perhaps the earliest of them, is now well-known as a political writer; Townsend Percy entered other fields and died many years ago, but Jerome H. Eddy continued to write paragraphs until within a short time of his death. two or three years ago, when he was well on in the eighties. Eddy had had a business career before becoming a press agent in his fiftieth year. He had been assistant cashier of the Bank of North America and through the favor of Mayor Havemeyer, who was fond of him, was made secretary and treasurer of the Long Island Railroad Company. For many years he conducted *Eddy's Squib*, a sheet made up of brief theatrical paragraphs which he mailed once a week to the leading critics of the country.

I WILL add that my reason for seeking other lines of endeavor was that when I succeeded in getting a lot of matter printed the manager said that there was no use in paying me a salary when the press was so quick to recognize the worth of his attraction of its own accord; and when adverse criticisms were the chief results of my labors he not only said I was no good, but in most cases refused to pay me what he had promised. Therefore, I ceased to "handle the press."



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MacDowell Composing his "Woodland Sketches"

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

BLESSED are those woodlands of New Hampshire where Edward MacDowell met the wild rose; where his spirit discoursed with the departed Indian; where his soul "overflowed with tenderness and caprice." Blessed, too, is the old Steinway in the log cabin where he lived—for was it

not the Voice which uttered first his fine romantic melodies? And is it not fitting that the Instrument of the Immortals should have been *his* instrument—just as it was Richard Wagner's and Franz Liszt's three score years ago—just as it is Paderewski's and Hofmann's and Rachmaninoff's today?

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But when you studied her you saw it was her CLOTHES—the exquisite attire she wore which made her so bewitching.

Ah! a charming, graceful costume makes such a difference. It transmits to the wearer its own loveliness. It gives her poise, self-possession, distinction. What the world calls beauty is more often than not but the subtly transforming effect of handsome, artistic clothes.



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are the embodiment of girlish grace and rare, exclusive attractiveness. Each model is an individual creation of exceptional daintiness and unique character.

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MR. HACKETT'S TRIUMPH AS MACBETH

JAMES K. HACKETT, the well-known Broadway star, appeared for the first time in London recently, at the Aldwych Theatre, as Macbeth in his own special and notable production of Shakespeare's tragedy. The occasion was a complete triumph for the American actor, the critics being unanimous in according his performance the greatest praise.

The *Daily Telegraph* said:

"Mr. Hackett's work as 'Macbeth' comes to us with all the charm of complete novelty. He has natural advantages, a commanding figure and a beautiful voice, but he has much more than these; he has a sense of feeling for character, and a technique which is equal to every demand he makes upon it. It is a thoroughly powerful and gripping piece of work which every playgoer should make a point of going to see. Mr. Hackett's elocution is superb and his feeling for Shakespeare's poetry makes his delivery of the fine lines which the part contains in such abundance, a thing of real beauty. His production of the play, too, is notable."

The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was equally enthusiastic. He writes:

"Gigantic of stature, full of the old-fashioned dignity that the classic actors of America have got by a direct tradition from the traditional sources we share; a naturally big masterful, but sympathetic personality, Mr. Hackett is easily better than any Macbeth of our own within memory. His deep-voiced elocution is an object lesson to those of our younger actors who imagine that there is no such thing as elocution because they have not learnt it. The whole of his playing in the last act—the grave, fatal resignation of the 'To-morrow' speech, followed by a Titanic outburst of sheer power, was a superb clinching of his own view of the character. In its own massive, dignified way, it was a creation and a performance to which our English stage has every possible reason to pay friendly—and, let us hope, emulative, homage."

Among other prominent persons who wrote, congratulating Mr. Hackett on his success, were the American Ambassador and Sir

Arthur Wing Pinero, the distinguished playwright. The letter from the Hon. John W. Davis, United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James, follows:

Embassy of the United States,
November 20th, 1920

My Dear Mr. Hackett,

May I repeat in the morning after—all that I said last night in praise of your "Macbeth." Indeed, I should like not only to repeat but to expand my congratulations, for I rank it far the strongest and most accurate rendering of the part I have ever witnessed. It is a great satisfaction to know that the London press and public share this point of view, and, as an American, I am proud to have the American stage so well represented.

Incidentally, the Princess Marie Louise was unstinted in her commendation, and Mrs. Davis and myself were and are,

Gratefully yours,
JOHN W. DAVIS.

Sir Arthur W. Pinero's letter said:

My Dear Mr. Hackett,

Your performance of "Macbeth" this afternoon moved me deeply. I am old enough to remember the time when players, more or less qualified to interpret the classic drama, were fairly plentiful on the English stage; but that is long ago, and it was sheer delight and refreshment today to see once again in Shakespeare's greatest tragic character an actor so richly endowed and so consummately a master of his means, as yourself.

It would be impertinent of me to point out the passages in your acting which impressed me most. The whole was beautiful, and I thank you for a memorable experience.

I am, my dear Mr. Hackett, with the highest admiration and regard,

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR PINERO.



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RICHARD BONELLI
Baritone



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Violinist



The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
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MARIE TIFFANY
Soprano
Metropolitan Opera Co.

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

"The Theatre's" Letter Box

Theatre Magazine a Guiding Hand
To the Editor:

Replying to the query to your readers as to what features of your magazine interests them most, I may say the THEATRE MAGAZINE has been a friend to me, because of its unbiased leadership in all that's beautiful and true in the theatre.

Intimate chats with players do not interest me, unless they have a real message to deliver. Pictures are always desirable because within these images are portrayed the human qualities of the players.

What interests me most are the academic discussions and reviews of the present day drama. My reason is, that I am a young, aspiring dramatist. I attribute this self-vocation to the smouldering embers within me which have been fanned to a flame by the guiding hand of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Sincerely yours,
HERMAN W. PFEL.

Milwaukee, Wis.

From a Geo. M. Cohan Fan

To the Editor:

In reply to your query, I much prefer articles of a lighter vein such as "The Diary of an Ingenue," "Shakespeare Said It," "Kleptomania," etc.

One thing I would like to ask is why Geo. M. Cohan's name is only mentioned in your magazine when it is impossible to avoid it and why his productions, the best in the country and praised to the limit by the critics of all other theatrical publications, receive very little praise in your reviews. I, myself, think that Mr. Cohan is the greatest figure of the American stage and, regardless of his stand on Open Shop question, I think his productions are in a class by themselves.

Very truly,
CHARLES G. SNYDER.

Roxbury, Mass.

We have the highest opinion of Mr. Cohan's gifts. He is frequently mentioned in our columns. An article by him, with his portrait, appeared in our November, 1920, issue.—Editor.

[A Plea for Galleryites

To the Editor:

I enjoy the "analytical reviews," if by that term, you mean articles similar to the excellent one entitled "Deburau," in the current number. That sympathetic criticism increased my enjoyment of the play a hundred-fold.

Also, may I ask you to try and help the "shabby genteel" who are obliged to sit in the gallery? For us there are no regular programs. A separate entrance, hard, uncomfortable seats, etc., alone are provided. May not something be done?

Please, upon no pretext, omit your beautiful pictures of scenes from the plays.

"THEATRE-LOVER."

New York City

Killing the Goose

To the Editor:

Allow me to say that I enjoy the reviews of plays, and by all means, give us pictures—more pictures, intimate chats with the artists—and home pictures of them.

I do not care for the fiction nor many of the articles. I buy the magazine to look at the pictures. I am glad you keep the movie department subordinated to the legitimate.

I note the article on "Killing the Goose" in the current number, and can surely subscribe to what it says. This very night "Buddies" is playing in our town and the advertisements say "Selwyn's Own New York Cast," yet, whoever heard of one of them? They probably think we don't know that Peggy Wood and Donald Brian, etc., are, or were, in the New York cast. I know of one who didn't go.

Very truly,
K. M. WILLIAMS.

414 Rose Lane,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Enquiry at the Selwyn office in New York elicited the information that there is only one original New York company of "Buddies," and that is now playing the big cities, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc. The Selwyns lease the play out for other territory and they disclaim all responsibility for announcements of local managers, since they, themselves, have had nothing to do with the selection of the cast.—Editor.

An Insult to the Intelligence

To the Editor:

May I be permitted to register my approval of the wisely spoken article, "Killing the Goose," in your February number? For a considerable number of years I have been one of those "small town audiences" mentioned. Long ago I refused to pay out my hard-earned dollars to witness unspeakably awful performances by third, fourth and fifth rate companies widely advertised as "the original." Most of us may never have seen Broadway, but we are fairly intelligent.

It is a pity the managers did not discover this before they had killed their golden egg laying goose—the road. For we will patronize worthwhile shows, done by competent, not necessarily "original" companies—but we refuse to forever have our intelligence insulted. Stock companies and little theatres are coming satisfactorily to our rescue.

Respectfully,
MABEL GAULT SCOTT.
Riverside, California.



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(Concluded from page 189)



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Milo
VIOLETS

perhaps serve at least to explain the importance of the Triangle Club's position in the University and make it apparent that its popularity has a sane and sound basis.

There are not many who will dispute the existence of a rather distinctive brand of humor whether they have a taste for it or not, namely the species of fun characterizing college magazines, college plays and, in general, college men. The plot-development of "They Never Come Back" gives all kinds of opportunity to the wits of the Triangle Club to do their worst, and the book is marked throughout by lines that always snap and often scintillate.

THERE are several individual performances of distinction in the show. Mr. J. R. Forgan, who has the part of Larry Bruster does not have quite the chance to monopolize the honors that he made such good use of in "The Isle of Surprise," but Lou Tilden, with a real gift for comedy, evens things up by stepping still farther into the limelight. The two of them are largely responsible for the pep in the piece, and they succeed in maintaining a tempo throughout that carries everything else along with it. But these two performers were expected to distinguish themselves: there was no thrill of surprise connected with their appearance on the first night that "They Never Come Back" was presented in the dingy old Princeton Casino way back in the middle of December. It is for this reason that the real hit of the show was the general behavior of a certain W. H. Smith, whose inimitable characterization of Sylvester, the witless bell-hop, entitles him *ex-officio* to a spacious niche in the Triangle Hall of Fame.

E. H. Wever, the President of the Club, contributed a very clever character sketch in the part of the henpecked English-Lord, with his customary finesse. Mr. Wever is the author of the book, most of the lyrics and a tune or two besides, including one of the outstanding

musical hits of the score. There is also some very beautiful and subtle work by H. F. McCormick to be heard in the score; in particular the spectacular "mummy-dance" which opens the second act.

Which brings us again to the matter of scenery. It can be said without qualification that "They Never Come Back" is the most effectively staged production in the long history of the Triangle Club. If "The Isle of Surprise," presented last year, exceeded the present play in subtlety and finish, the latter certainly has the earlier show stopped completely as far as artistic effect is concerned. The temple scene which provides the setting for the second act, being extremely effective, with its awe-inspiring mummy boxes, and weird lighting, also the dawn on the mountains which distinguishes the opening of the last. Both illustrate rather interestingly the action of the newer precepts of stage lighting and effects on the collegiate mind. There is also a lot of dancing in the show; it is high in quality, the chorus is graceful and shows evidence of an abundance of careful training. But, while "They Never Come Back" may be a spectacular show and a dancing show, its chief claim to success must be based on the fact that it is above all else, a *funny* show.

The annual Christmas holiday trip, which began December 18th, took the Club farther West and North than it has ever been before, eleven cities being on the itinerary: New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago and Cleveland, in the given order. Montclair, Plainfield and Boston will be visited in a supplementary trip scheduled for the mid-year recess in February.

It was the opinion of some who saw the 1919 Triangle show that it set a standard its successor would have infinite trouble in maintaining. Nevertheless, although the new production is dubbed "They Never Come Back" it seems to prove, in one sense at least, that they do.



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Manuscripts submitted for contest closing January 1st, 1921, were stolen from automobile, under impression the box contained furs—in opinion of lawyers and police manuscripts probably lost. Committee requests all contestants to send duplicates to Mr. Louie Ling, Hotel Stevenson, Detroit, Mich., before March 20th, 1921.



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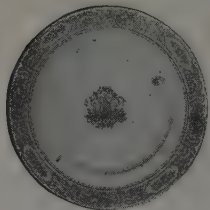
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Representative men in the advertising world, as they appeared in "An Oriental Diversion," presented at the New York Advertising Club. Mr. Paul Meyer who staged the number, appears in "mufti." The cast from left to right: Messrs. Jerry Ward, Frank E. Fehlman, Charles C. Green, Royal P. Smith, George W. Stearns, with one of the famous Benda masks, Maxfield Manning, also with a Benda mask, and Al. Gibney



Gorgeous oriental costumes and setting lent atmosphere to "An Oriental Diversion" which transformed the staid halls of the Advertising Club into a corner of the Far East. The masks by the artist, W. T. Benda, the artistic sensation of this Year's Greenwich Village Follies, were loaned for the occasion and enthusiastically applauded

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Have you heard the great Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" as recorded by Leopold Godowsky on the Brunswick Records? It is listed on the February Brunswick Release, record number 30004. Perhaps this is the only record in which the singing-tone, the delicate nuance, the harmonic background so inseparable from pianistic effects, each and all are preserved and presented as in the actual piano performance.

Both the interpretation and this recording of the "Marche Militaire" have been declared by scores of musicians to be masterworks—the final word, up to the present, in the science and art of tone recording.

Vice-President of the Banque de Paris

We are glad to hear that Monsieur Maurice Boyer, formerly with the French High Commission in Washington, who came again to the States last year as General Secretary of the French Delegation to the Atlantic City Conference, and who recently was in this country to marry Miss

Katharine Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival S. Hill of New York, has just been appointed Fondé de Pouvoirs of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, which is equivalent to a Vice-Presidency in an American Bank.



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Choice of flower or butterfly patterns or plain case, with an initial, \$1, postpaid. Same choice with monogram, \$1.50.

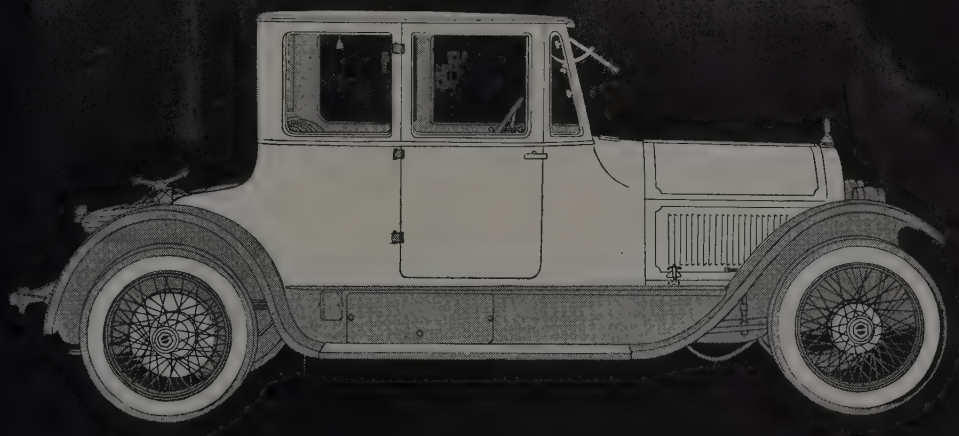
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220-224 West 42d Street, New York

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 180)

LEXINGTON. Fritz Leiber in Shakespearean repertoire.

BROADWAY is yet to profit, but East side and West have each enjoyed its quota of Shakespearean revivals. At the Lexington Theatre during the weeks of Dec. 27 to Jan. 8 Fritz Leiber made his bid for classic honors, and a grateful populace—splendidly numerous in proportion and finely responsive—listened with rapt attention and applauded with vigorous enthusiasm his spirited renderings of the various Shakespearean heroes.

Spirited is the adjective which more particularly emphasizes his several assumptions. Something more of subtlety and introspective analysis would, I think, improve and elevate the character of his workmanship, but his general intelligence, sound technic, rich strong voice, plastic mask and graceful carriage are all factors in the establishment of a personal success.

There is also an earnest and not ineffective effort made to stage the plays in the more modern spirit which employs draperies and illuminative lighting effects. The company is in the main satisfactory.

For his opening bill Mr. Leiber elected to don the Prince of Denmark's inky robes. His Hamlet is a spirited personation, princely in demeanor, largely conventional, but, in the main, nicely responsive to its exquisite poetry and alternating moments of vacillation and accomplishing action. Mr. Leiber should manifest, however, a greater care in his speech. His slovenly pronunciation is, at times, worse than inelegant.

An old time rendering of the King was given by Louis Leon Hall, while his seductive consort was personated with really queenly distinction and impressiveness by Iry Marshall. John C. Hickey's Polonius is altogether admirable, dry, sententious and human.

Mr. Leiber's other bills during the engagement included "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth."

LONGACRE. "THE CHAMPION." Farical comedy in 3 acts by Thomas Loudon and A. E. Thomas. Produced Jan. 3.

AN experienced theatregoer on a first night, somehow can intuitively tell whether a play, good or bad, is going to be a popular success. I put it down that "The Champion," in which Grant Mitchell is the star at the Longacre, will have a substantial run.

Mr. Mitchell's attractive personality will have much to do with this

as the farcical comedy written by Thomas Loudon and A. E. Thomas is perilously flimsy and constructively inept with a literary appeal in keeping with the intelligence, well, I confess I don't know what class it is—that likes newspaper comics and soft sister write-ups—so we'll let it go at that. It is very like an expansion of one of those farces which had a considerable vogue in the "fifties" all duly published in French's Minor Drama.

We all know that Mr. Sam H. Harris, who presents Mr. Mitchell, was, for a long time associated with the prize ring—as a manager. It must, therefore, have been his idea to make a light weight title holder the hero of a three act comedy. Anyway, such is "The Champion" in the person of William Burroughs, member of a middle class English family in the town of Knotley. He runs away at an early age. On his return, unexpected to all save his mother, he keeps his fistic laurels,—they netted him \$200,000—to himself. But it leaks out. His conservative father and brothers are bewildered and horrified at the revelation, but as the gentry and aristocracy are delighted, the temper of the whole family changes. Incidentally young Mr. Burroughs, who has in the meantime become an American citizen and a member of Congress, shows up a recreant Lord, licks him in short order, and wins the hand of the Lady Elizabeth Galton. That will be about all nor could much more be asked for.

Mr. Mitchell is delightfully distinguished in this rôle. It cannot be said that he does any acting. He first walks through the piece, demonstrating his own personal charm. His crisp, natural method of speech adds much to the humor of the varying situations. Arthur Elliott is an explosively apoplectic father, Lucy Beaumont a gentle mother and Gerald Hamer, a characteristically clerical brother. A French maid is personated with breezy Gallic vivacity by Desiree Stempel and a graceful, natural and sympathetic rendering of the impoverished lady of quality is given by Ann Andrews, whose gowns are all that they should be.

REPUBLIC. "DEAR ME." Play in three acts by Luther Reed and Produced Jan. 17.

DEAR Me, will we never get away from this Pollyanna cheerio patter? Will playwrights never cease pepping up the personnel? 'Dear Me' is a play about a little slavery who scatters the sunshine talk. Regretfully yours, Myself."

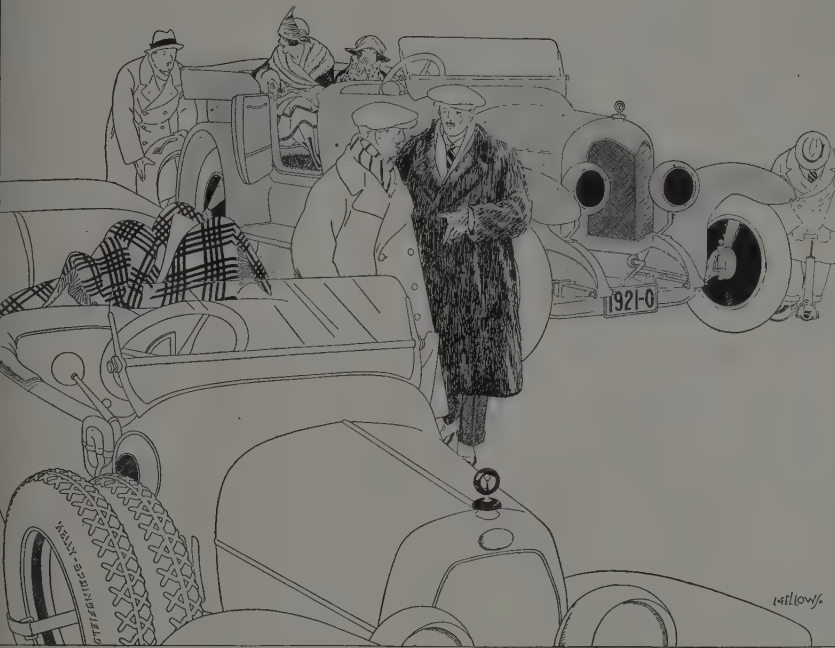
The above letter is similar to the (Concluded on page 224)

\$250.00

Prize

Contest

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Read the Conditions Below

To complete this advertisement we need a dialogue or monologue of not over 35 words which will represent the conversation of the characters in the picture and will bring out some desirable feature of the product advertised.

What are the people in this picture saying? For the most apt and most cleverly worded dialogue or monologue that completes this advertisement and that is submitted to us by May 15, 1921, we will pay \$250.

Any one may enter this contest except professional advertising writers. Should the winning advertisement be submitted in identical wording by more than one person, each will be paid \$250. The prize-winning answer together with the name and address of the winner will appear in the October issue of this magazine. However, a check will be mailed to the winner as soon as the contest can be decided.

CONTEST EDITOR,

150 Madison Avenue (Sixteenth Floor) New York City

(Concluded from page 222)



Charm that has a Single Source

IN beauty which serenely stands the scrutiny of repeated glances, artifice plays small part.

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

Nature uses the blood as a means of feeding the skin. Each one of the millions of skin cells lies as it were on the bank of a tiny blood-stream, whose function it is to bring nourishment to the cells.

If the organs of elimination do not function properly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood; and these tiny streams bring contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Do you not see the danger? It is these poisons that are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to regular and thorough evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those poisons that mar the skin and endanger health.

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kind that April writes to herself, à la Bab, and Joan, of "Daddy Long-legs" fame, in "Dear Me," which derives its title from the quaint salutation she gives herself. (Only, of course, she does not say disparaging things about optimism).

There is here the seed of a clever and unusual play, but, somehow, it doesn't germinate properly. The slavey-heroine performs too many impossible miracles in the Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures by merely "talking success," as the efficiency expert would say. The inmates all become successful authors, playwrights, architects, and poets as a result of her philosophy. The slavey, herself, becomes a successful prima donna, and then forgets her own unselfishness motto by flinging aside the supposedly poor inmate of the home who befriended her.

Grace La Rue, who steps into comedy via "Dear Me," from the vaudeville stage, has been seen too long in stunning costumes and dashing red hats, to appear to full advantage as a drab kitchen maid. She is more in character in the last act, when she has a chance to dress well and to sing a bit, though her songs are not well selected, her forte being snappy, popular airs.

One must be very credulous to believe that Hale Hamilton really looks like an inmate of a home for old failures. He is too good-looking, young, suave, and capable in appearance. He doesn't pass up a single comedy trick as the son of the founder of the home for failures, who lives there incognito for investigation purposes.

Camilla Crume, as the harpy matron of the home; and Robert Fischer, the violinist, give excellent coloring to the two principal character rôles.

BOOTH. "THE GREEN GODDESS." Play in four acts by William Archer. Produced Jan. 18.

IN his book "Playmaking," a work dealing with the technical difficulties of the dramatist's craft, published some years ago, William Archer rashly declared that he could not write a play to save his life. The fact that he has now written a play, and a rather good one at that, once more illustrates the old truism that we don't know what we can do till we try.

To be sure, "The Green Goddess" is not exactly the kind of play one would expect as the mental offspring of so distinguished a critic—an acknowledged theatrical oracle who, for three decades or more, has pleaded for the highest theatrical standards, and consistently found

fault with other dramatists for their commercial instincts and short comings. Mr. Archer's play has no literary quality whatever. It is commercial melodrama of the most conventional kind—but, no doubt, it will prove a better money maker than the plays of Lord Dunsany who has given us similar thrills in the same picturesque locale, but with far greater literary charm. While Mr. Archer's work strikes one as somewhat amateurish, it is certainly thrilling. The dialogue, if not distinguished, is smooth and the interest holds to the end.

The scene is laid in India, in a wild inaccessible region beyond the Himalayas, where the Raja of Rukh, a bitter foe of the English, holds absolute sway. While Major Crespin, of the Indian army, is flying over the Raja's country with his wife and a friend, Dr. Traherne, trouble develops in the engine and they are forced to descend, their aeroplane being a total wreck on the jagged rocks.

The Raja, accompanied by his fanatical followers, hurries to their assistance and invites them to his palace where he dines and wines them with all the courtesy and charm which only an Indian prince, educated at Oxford, knows how to employ. But the Raja has no love for his British guests. His two brothers, political agitators, have been condemned to die by the Indian government. He will invoke the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye." Major Crespin is anxious to get back to civilization, but the Raja delays them, and it slowly dawns on the visitors that they are in deadly peril. The Raja admits he is powerless to avert the murderous fury of his fanatical high priests, but he tells Mrs. Crespin privately that he will save them on one condition—a condition that dishonors her. She indignantly rejects his insult, and the three Europeans prepare to meet their doom. There is only one way in which they can be saved—to send out word of their predicament. The palace, they discover, is in touch with the world by wireless, worked by a renegade Cockney, now the valet of the Raja. This man they have to kill in order to seize the instrument, and after more thrilling situations, rescue finally comes in the shape of a British Flying Corps.

The play is beautifully mounted and well acted. George Arliss is superb as the crafty, cultured, blood-thirsty Raja. Olive Wyndham is charming as Mrs. Crespin, and Herbert Waring gives a good representation of the British fighting man as Major Crespin. Particular merit attaches to the performance of Ivan F. Simpson as the valet.

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IRELAND

—the Menace to World Peace

Bristling with guns Ireland is an American Problem. Public opinion has made it. Logic has nothing to do with the situation. For seven hundred years the Irish question has been a family fight in the British empire. Today it is log-rolling in American politics. Tomorrow it may be bringing up smash our friendly relations with England. It's touch and go. It's time for understanding and clear thinking. Facing the reality the

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in the pages of the Metropolitan. He will tell how the British people deep down in their hearts react to Ireland's bid for a place in the sun. He will put the heart beat of Ireland's millions on paper. He will tell you how much of the brave talking of both sides is done for trading. He will tell you the truth, the whole truth, free of passion or propaganda. He will put the Irish case before a jury of over 100,000,000 Americans. Hard's first article will be published in the April Metropolitan. His other articles will follow in succeeding issues. These editions are sure to be sold out. Tell your newsdealer to hold a copy of the Metropolitan for you beginning with the April number (out March 15th) or if you prefer send

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and the Metropolitan will be mailed to you for all of 1921, beginning with the April issue. You save money and you will be certain of reading all Mr. Hard's articles on Ireland.

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PLEASE let me know if any number of your magazine contained pictures of the production of "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh," with Mrs. Fiske, several years ago. If so, is it possible to obtain a copy of the number?—G. E. J., Wisconsin.

Pictures of scenes in this play were published in our issue of May, 1911. Copies may be obtained from this office—price 60 cents each.

WILL you please tell me the cast of "The Misleading Lady," which was produced in New York some years ago.—A. C., New York.

"The Misleading Lady," by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, was produced at the Fulton Theatre on November 25th, 1913, with the following cast: Jack Craigen, Lewis S. Stone; John W. Cannell, William H. Stone; Henry Tracey, Robert Cain; Sidney Parker, Albert Sackett; Stephen Weatherbee, John Cumberland; Keen Fitzpatrick, Everett Butterfield; Boney, Frank Sylvester; Tim McMahon, Albert Sackett; Bill Fagan, Henry Thompson; Babe Merrill, George Albott; Chesty Sanborn, Robert Graves, Jr.; Helen Steele, Inez Buck; Mrs. Cannell, Alice Wilson; Jane Wentworth, Gladys Wilson; Amy Foster, Jane Quinn; Grace Buchanan, Frances Savage.

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

WHERE and at what price can I obtain Sardou's play, "La Tosca," preferably in English? In what year did Bernhardt appear in this play in America?—W. H. T., Alabama.

The English edition of "La Tosca" is out of print. The French original can be had through Brentano's, New York. The plot of the play is told in full in "Sardou and His Plays," by Jerome A. Hart. The libretto of the opera, which follows the play rather closely, is published (in Italian and English) by Rullman, 111 Broadway, New York. Sarah Bernhardt appeared in "La Tosca," in New York on February 5, 1891, and toured the country in it during that year.

CAN you give me the name of any association which would help me to locate Viola Allen and Ann Murdock? Did Maude Adams appear in Barrie's new play on Christmas Eve, or did Ruth Chatterton take her place?—G. P., Massachusetts.

The Actors' Equity Association, 115 West 47th Street, will be glad to forward mail to the actresses you name. Ruth Chatterton appeared in the title rôle of Barrie's "Mary Rose."

HAVE you at any time published pictures of Walter Hampden as Hamlet, either full page or smaller? What is the price of the issues containing them?—R. U. B., Auburn, R. I.

A full-page portrait of Walter Hampden as Hamlet was published in the June, 1918, issue, and another good-sized portrait in July, 1919. Copies may be obtained at this office, forty cents each.

WHAT special reading would you recommend for a young man about to enter the player's career, and ambitious to climb to the top of the ladder?—E. A. S., Chicago, Ill.

Your question shows that you have at least the intelligence to understand that the embryo actor should

cultivate his mind. The young actor and actress should neglect no opportunity to further his or her mental development. The players who have made the most lasting impression on their contemporaries were intellectual. Among the books every actor should read are: Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature," Clayton Hamilton's "Theory of the Theatre," George Henry Lewes' "On Actors and the Art of Acting," Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian," Colly Cibber's "Apology," Fitzgerald's "Art of Acting," Talma's "Reflections on the Actor's Art," Coquelin's "Art of the Actor," Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare."

CAN you tell me something about the play "Davy Crockett," in which Frank Mayo once appeared?—R. T., New York.

"Davy Crockett," an "idyll of the backwoods" in four acts by Frank Murdoch, was first performed at the Rochester Theatre, in 1873, with Frank Mayo as the hero; produced later at Niblo's Garden, New York with Miss Rosa Rand as Eleanor Vaughan. The story is in essence, identical with that of "Young Lochinvar." "It is," says Laurence Hutton, "almost the best American play ever written." The play was later performed in England.

"One of the best theatrical novels I have ever read."—JANET BEECHER.

KALEEMA

by
MARION McCLELLAND

THIS is a novel of road-show life centering on the appealing love story of the gentle, gay and gallant young star, Kaleema, by an author who knows the one-night stand and the business of "Camille," "East Lynne" and all the rest as intimately as personal experience can make them known. The story is as inevitable as the asbestos curtain, as lovable and laughable as the bewitching Kaleema, herself.

KALEEMA, with her wild ways, her beauty, and the shadow of the mystery of her strange mother, was a creature of genuine love and courage. She was born into the life of the obscure road-show. She knew all of its cruelty and its absurdity, and she was typical of its dreams, its passions, and its stark reality. Perhaps, nowhere else is there less time or chance for sham or make-believe. It would be like trying to fool one's own family. This life is very far removed from the hackneyed stage story of Broadway with its old train of temptations, abused innocence, and successes. Many people live this hard and obscure life finely, but, if the chance comes, they want to forget it. Kaleema wanted to forget it. That makes it elusive. The rest of the world doesn't hear much about it. The first law in this life is to mind your own business. Here each man and each woman stands by his or her own strength. They are all compelling—they have to be to live. The outside world, which judges so much by appearances, never understands them. Here appearances count for nothing. Nowhere is the beauty of idealism more honored, and nowhere is the liberty of lawlessness and wickedness more secure.

SPEAKING of the writing of the story, Miss McClelland says: "I wrote 'Kaleema' as a play while I was on the stage, but I never meant it to be characterized as a stage story. Her struggle for something else was what appealed to me. Then the people in the play began haunting me with the inadequate way that play form could ever create them, and I became convinced that they were alive and real only in my head and heart and that I must get them alive on paper. So I went to Atlantic City, shut myself up in a hotel, and in three months enlarged, wrote, and type-wrote the story. Many of the people in 'Kaleema' I have known and many of them I have worked with. Kaleema, herself, is a mixture, but no character of fiction could be so fine as some of the obscure, hard-working actresses I have known. However, I saw her one day on a train, after I had her all written. She was with some vaudeville people and when she walked in it was like suddenly meeting an old friend. There she was, in all her grimy beauty. Stranger than that, I saw her twice afterward, in distant cities."

JANET BEECHER, leading woman in "Call the Doctor" this winter at the Empire, who knows the life of the road-show, has written the following letter to the publishers about "Kaleema":

"Thank you for giving me the privilege of reading 'Kaleema.' It is a book that grows more and more poignantly interesting as the story develops. The author has, through instinct or talent or both, struck the very keynote of a certain phase of theatrical life. She has the wisdom to mass the sordid details of its glamourless environment into a very effective background and yet subordinates this to the story itself and the development of Kaleema's character. The scenes of the novel are true to life and devoid of those twists and tricks of chance that so frequently destroy the normal balance between cause and effect. The later chapters are exceedingly effective, even powerful. They are chapters of sincere writing, inspired by the conviction of the author, and by an intimate knowledge of her subject. I consider 'Kaleema' to be one of the best theatrical novels I have read."

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THE GENESIS OF DELMONICO'S

IS feefy cents too much?" Thus spoke Peter Delmonico, when he did his first catering to a crowd of young bloods at a prize fight in the Village Fire House during the early Eighteen Twenties. The scene from "Little Old New York" is just as it might be taken from an old sporting print. It is full of rich reminiscences of New York in the days when John Jacob Astor was thought to be a fool for his penchant for uptown real estate (Canal Street); Cornelius Vanderbilt's dream of a boat service between New York and Staten Island was ridiculed, and Peter Delmonico's little "eating house," which he ran in conjunction with his confectionery shop, was thought to have an evil influence on the community, because God-fearing men took their meals in their own homes and only the town's bloods dined out.

It is an interesting story of the growth of New York and it carries with it an interesting story of the growth of many family fortunes and the inception of many institutions. It is a peek behind the scenes and a no more interesting spectacle than watching the growth of an institution such as Delmonico's can be imagined.

These United States of ours had hardly gotten into their stride which was eventually to carry them to the estate of the world's greatest republic, when there came to this country from Faido, Switzerland, one John Delmonico, a sailor by profession, and one Peter Delmonico, who was versed in the confectioner's art. The elder had tired of the salt of the sea and decided to cast his lot with the softer sugar of his brother's trade. So they started Delmonico's at William Street. With the steady progress of all things that grow from sturdy seed, Delmonico's grew apace, until, today, they occupy the spacious building at Fifth Avenue.

Through the decades, the restaurant has been the rendezvous of New York's famous men. Such names as J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Lanier, Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. C. Whitney, Col. John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, et al, are found throughout the records of what was now recognized as a New York institution. During the Civil War, the establishment, through lack of currency, was forced to issue its own money. It has created fashions in dining and catered to some of the greatest social functions of the age.



MONTE CARLO'S OPERA SEASON

The opera season at Monte Carlo this winter, under the able and energetic direction of Raoul Gunsbourg, is proving the most brilliant and fashionable of any since the Armistice. Having opened last month (February) under the patronage of the Prince of Monaco, it will continue all through March and April, performances being given on Tuesday and Saturday evenings and Thursday and Sunday matinées. The Wednesday evenings are devoted to Grand Concerts by artists of the Opera. From

April 15th to May 9th there will be an extended season of Russian ballet. The operas given include: "La Damnation de Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Le Barbier de Seville," "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Samson et Delila," "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Pagliacci."

Among the leading artists are: Mmes. Berina, Carena, Delalande, Mason, Valska, Amato, and Giirard; Mm. Auger, Delmas, MacCormack, Smirnoff, Dinh-Gilly, Renaud and Chalmin.



MATERNELLE FRANCAISE CONCERT

A brilliant Concert for the Ecole Maternelle Française (French Day Nursery) was given on Sunday evening, January 30th, at the Belasco Theatre.

A large audience had gathered to hear the artists who were Mlle. Yvonne Gall, of the Chicago Opera Company; Mme. Germaine Schnitzer,

Mr. Sascha Jacobsen and Mr. Mario Chamlee, of the Metropolitan Opera House, and applauded them most enthusiastically.

The consensus of opinion was that the Concert was an artistic triumph and the ladies under whose auspices it was given are greatly encouraged with the financial results of their undertaking.

A CORRECTION

In our January, 1921, issue, on page 13, we published a picture entitled, "Frolic at the Falls." In the caption underneath we stated that the picture was posed by Sacha Piatov and Mme. Natalie, dancers at the New York Hippodrome. This cap-

tion was incorrect. The lady in the picture is not Mme. Natalie, but Mlle. Mascotte Moskovina, a dancer who has appeared with great success with Mr. Piatov in London and Paris. We regret this error, which was, of course, quite unintentional.



Photo by Eugene Hutchinson

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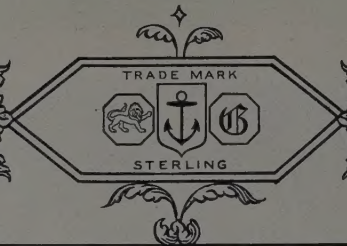
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